

The Sketch

No. 764.—Vol. LIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 18, 1907.

SIXPENCE.



THE LADY OWNER OF THE MOMENT: MRS. H. V. JACKSON, OWNER OF VELOCITY.

Mrs. H. V. Jackson, an American lady by birth, owns in Velocity a horse honestly worth £20,000; yet he was sold as a yearling by his breeder, a Roscrea hotel-keeper, for £90! Velocity has this year won in England the Doncaster Cup, the Chichester Stakes at Goodwood, and the City and Suburban, the value of the three prizes being £3212. In addition, he ran fourth in the Jubilee Stakes and was unplaced in the Lincoln Handicap. His great win was the Grand Prize at Ostend, worth over £2000. Mrs. Jackson has a breeding stud in co. Mayo. She owns two fairly good racehorses in Desmond's Gift and Barcelona Park. She is fond of wearing her own colours at race meetings—white and violet hoops. Mr. Peebles undertook to train Velocity provided he was allowed to select the races for the horse and employ the jockey who rode him.

Photograph by Lafayette Dublin



An Observant Mouse.

I have received the following letter from a reader in Northumberland who signs herself, prettily and modestly, "ONLY A COUNTRY MOUSE." It is so interesting, so instructive, and bears such evident signs of loving appreciation of the writer's subjects that I shall make no sort of apology for quoting my correspondent in full. She says—

DEAR CHICOT,—Whilst you, I suppose, in common with the remainder of the English and German-speaking worlds, have been following the daily reports of the great steam-ship race across the Atlantic, I, in my humble, far-away northern home, have been reconstructing the various points of a race that is to me infinitely more absorbing—a race between the three human beings who have supreme claims to our attention. I mean, of course, Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Marie Corelli, and Mr. Bernard Shaw. I wonder why it has never been pointed out in the public Press that these great ones seem to have been born in the same cradle and under the same star? The more deeply I look into the matter the more am I startled by the oneness, if you understand what I mean, of their lives. If you will be patient with me I will endeavour to interest you, as I have become intensely interested myself, in this startling phenomenon.

(1) COLOURING.

Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Marie Corelli, and Mr. Bernard Shaw all have golden hair and blue eyes. I understand from a friend of mine in London, who is very advanced in her ideas, and can talk for three-quarters-of-an-hour without stopping about the folly and ineptitude of the Censor, that Mr. Shaw's hair is not so golden as it used to be, but the fact remains that the capillary tendencies are identical in each case. And all have blue eyes. Mind you, I am not one to attach very great importance to such details, but they are worthy of note in view of what follows.

(2) LITERARY EXUBERANCE.

Everybody knows that, whether Mr. Hall Caine's novels are longer than Miss Marie Corelli's or whether Miss Corelli's are longer than Mr. Caine's, both of them write infinitely longer novels than anybody else. Turning, now, to Mr. Shaw, you will find that his plays are nearly twice as long as the plays of Mr. Pinero, whilst his prefaces, in some cases, never come to an end at all. Surely a strange and startling resemblance?

(3) CONTEMPT FOR CRITICISM.

Under this heading, your mind will naturally turn first to Miss Corelli. I remember reading with amazement, in my far-away northern home, that Miss Corelli had actually forbidden her publishers to send out her novels for review. This impressed me so much that I determined to buy all her books in future in case she should suffer from the almost inevitable hatred of the Press. With regard to Mr. Caine, his opinions on the criticisms of his latest play will be quite fresh in your mind. And was it not after the publication of "The Eternal City" that he complained bitterly of certain criticisms? Mr. Shaw, as usual, comes nimbly into line with the Master and Mistress. His latest volume of plays contains, they tell me, a preface, entitled "First Aid to Critics." . . . I think I am making out a pretty strong case.

(4) RETIRING DISPOSITION.

It is certainly strange, and not a little to the credit of the Mighty Trio, that they should all rush from the glare, and glitter, and adulation, and sycophancy, and hypocrisy of the town to the quiet and obscurity of the country. Mr. Hall Caine, as all the world knows—not that that is Mr. Caine's fault—makes his home in that dear, snug, once almost uninhabited little place, the Isle of Man.

Miss Corelli sought peace, some years since, in Stratford-on-Avon, birthplace of her distinguished forerunner. Mr. Shaw lingered awhile, and then he, too, as *I felt sure he must*, deserted the pavement for the winding mountain-path. . . . Now what about it?

(5) UNSOUGHT PUBLICITY.

Of what avail, though, this sweet modesty? The Isle of Man is within the reach of steam-boats. Thousands upon thousands of trippers, fascinated by the prospect of setting eyes upon the Master, at once began to flock thither. Photographers followed. Interviewers chased the photographers. I am told that, less than a week after Mr. Caine's arrival, there was not left one single blade of grass within three miles of Greeba Castle. The same thing happened at Stratford-upon-Avon. Thousands of Americans, for whom the birthplace of Shakespeare had little or no attraction—and I, for one, don't blame them—hurried to the little town on the banks of the Avon in the hope of catching even a glimpse of the author of that sweet idyll entitled, happily enough, "Wormwood." And Mr. Shaw's fate? Compelled to grant interviews and send telegrams and make speeches from morning till night. And *even when he deliberately lost himself*, further publicity was at once thrust upon him by our heartless and low-minded Press. Imagine the feelings of the author of that beautiful little story, "Mrs. Warren's Profession," on seeing his great and sacred name placarded vulgarly on the contents-bills of the newspapers!

I am afraid you will accuse me, too, of literary exuberance if I write much more. What a pity. It is *so* fascinating, and I have not told you half my discoveries. However, I will pass hurriedly to

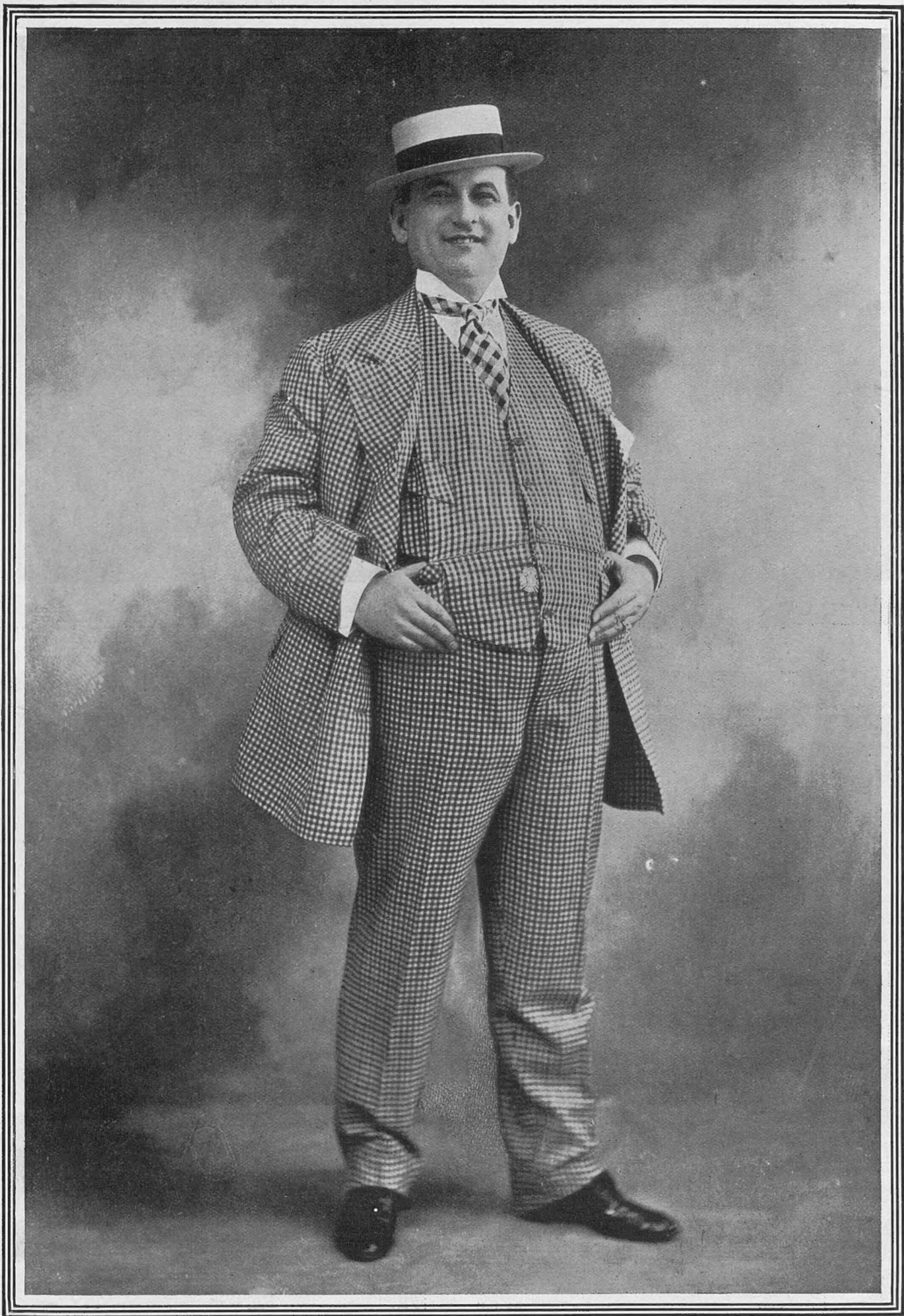
(6) ORDEAL BY CAMERA.

With your sympathetic nature, you will easily understand how really great people, such as Our Trio, must hate exposing their features, or a representation of their features, to the public gaze. Miss Corelli, of course, being a woman, naturally is most distressed by such a necessity. For several years, indeed, she actually cowered at the mention of the word "camera"! At last, though, like the brave soul she is, she submitted. The charming result will, of course, be familiar to you. Mr. Hall Caine, for his part, resigned himself to the inevitable in early life. Now, they tell me, he no longer swoons at the click of the shutter. As for Mr. Shaw, the postmistress told our charwoman that she had heard that he had actually been photographed like a statue! I cannot bring myself to put it more definitely than that. Hero! Thrice heroic!

(7) ETERNAL EXPLANATIONS.

You must have noticed yet one other striking similarity in the workings of the Fate-line of the Trio. Whatever they write, they are subsequently called upon to explain or defend, at prodigious length, in the newspapers! Are the lesser writers treated in this way? No! A thousand times no! Does Mr. Meredith ever explain? Never! If he did, one might understand him. Does Mr. Henry James ever condescend to unravel his wordy skeins? Never! The postmistress has thrown him over. Does Mr. Kipling ever come out into the open like a man and write ten thousand words in defence of his latest book? Never! And yet, let Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Marie Corelli, or Mr. Bernard Shaw write anything, and you may be absolutely certain that, while it is still hot in the mouth of the public, they will be compelled to abandon their well-earned repose in order to explain what it was they meant! This sort of thing is a standing disgrace to our country, but there is one consolation. Naturally sympathising with each other in their distress, realising that they are treading the same uphill road, side by side, they must be drawn together in beautiful bonds of friendship too strong for any mere newspaper to sever.

THE SUIT AT WHICH HORSES SHY:
THE MAN OF CHEQUES AND CHECKS.



MR. W. W. UMBERHAUER IN THE "UMBERHAUER SUIT" HE DESIGNED SPECIALLY FOR HIMSELF.

Mr. Umberhauer, the well-known Philadelphia banker, has been visiting this country, where the "Umberhauer suit," designed by himself, has caused much interest. It was even rumoured that the few 'bus horses remaining in the Strand shied at it. Mr. Umberhauer believes the suit, which is a check, worked in deep black and heliotrope with a touch of red, is "the warmest thing in Europe," but "perhaps too flashy an article for the Old Country." In America the suit is known to everyone. Its wearer can be seen at a very considerable distance, and he finds that this conspicuousness is very useful, inasmuch as, if he is wanted in a hurry, he can be found with the least possible delay.

Photograph specially taken for "The Sketch" by Bassano.

AFTER THE COAL AND DIAMOND TRICK:

STUDIES IN DESPAIR.



LADY MARION BEAUMONT (MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER) FINDS THAT PLEDGING COAL AS DIAMONDS DOES NOT CONDUCE TO PEACE OF MIND.

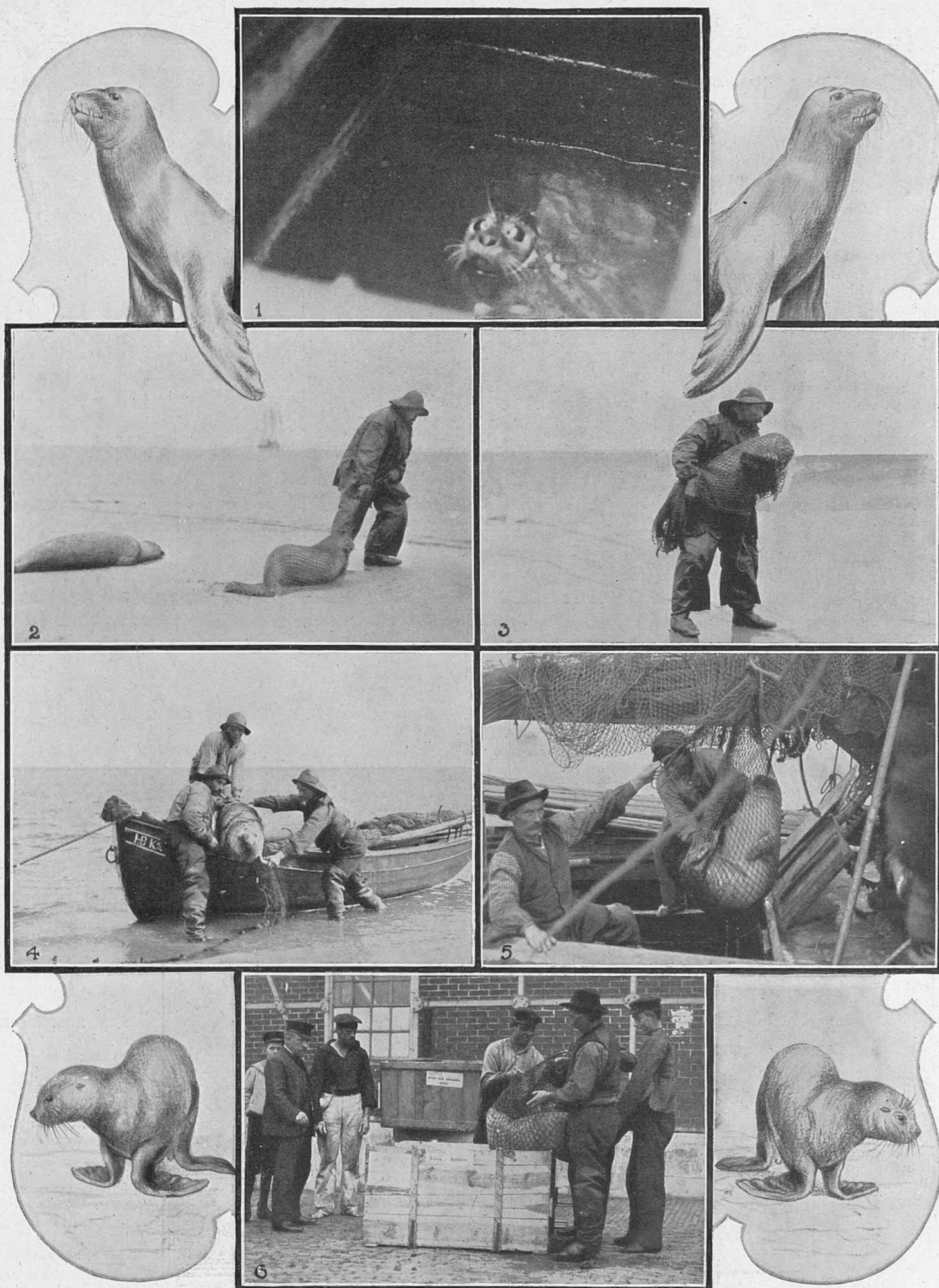
The chief theme of "The Sins of Society" is based on the famous case in which the bearer of a noble name pledged coal when he was supposed to be pledging diamonds. In Drury Lane's drama it is Lady Marion Beaumont who does this, at the instigation of Noel Ferrers, in order that she may secure the wherewithal to pay the debts she has contracted at the Pontifex Bridge Club. Needless to say, her sin finds her out, and gives her many scenes of sorrow and despair. On the fall of the curtain, however, matters are set right.—[Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield]

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FUTURE SEALSKIN JACKETS IN NETS:

A STRANGE METHOD OF CAPTURING SEALS IN THE NORTH SEA.



1. A CAPTIVE SEAL IN A TANK OF WATER ON BOARD THE SEALING-VESSEL.

2. DRAGGING A SEAL TO THE BOAT IN A NET.

3. AN AWKWARD BABY: CARRYING A NETTED SEAL.

4. PUTTING A NETTED SEAL INTO A SMALL BOAT.

5. A SEAL TAKEN FROM THE TANK IN A NET FOR CONVEYANCE TO LAND.

6. PACKING A SEAL FOR EXPORT.

A curious method of seal-catching is practised in the North Sea, where seals, instead of being clubbed, as they are in many rookeries, are netted. This method, of course, makes it possible to export the seal alive.



THE CLUBMAN



BATHING-MACHINES AT OSTEND—THE KING OF SPAIN'S BATHING-BOX—CAMERA FIENDS—SAND CASTLES.

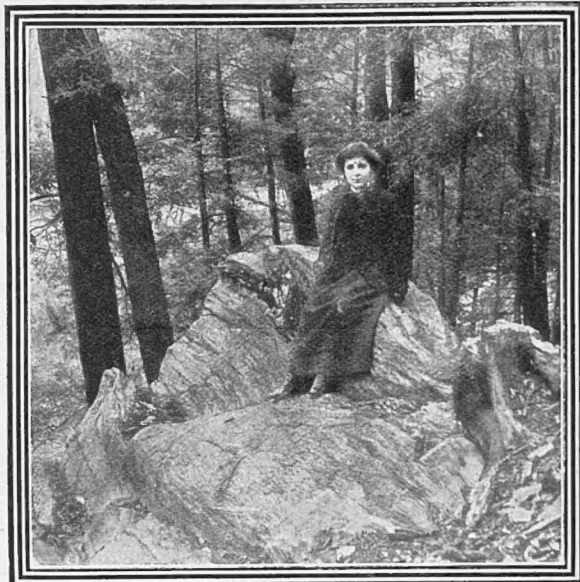
IS the bathing-machine only in its infancy? Is that cumbrous cabin on wheels destined to give place to something less rough and jolting and uneasy? At Ostend, where I have been staying for an "after-cure," an attempt has been made, in a half-hearted way it is true, to meet the needs of sybarites who wish to bathe, but who desire that their bathing-boxes shall be comfortable. There are a score of special bathing-machines on the sands at Ostend like the other ones outside, except that they are painted delicate shades of pink and blue and green, and have large glass windows with views of the principal buildings in Ostend frosted on them. Inside they are almost boudoirs. They contain an Empire settee, and a mirror in an Empire frame. They are springless, however, and have the broad wheels of the ordinary machine; and Beauty amidst all her delicate surroundings may well find herself sitting on the floor surrounded by frilleries when the bathing-man hooks his cart-horse on to the machine, and begins to draw it out of the water.

The most luxurious movable bathing-box I have ever seen is that of the King of Spain at San Sebastian. It is a little pavilion, and it runs on rails, so that it slides down into the water of the bay, and when its royal owner has had his swim it is pulled up again to the level of the road, where his motor is waiting for him. In America, I am told, there are hotels at some of the bathing-resorts built on similar lines. The whole wooden structure is moved backwards and forwards on rails as the tide rises or falls, and the people who take ground-floor rooms on the sea-front can always step at once into the sea. Of course, on our unprotected sea-fronts, where a storm would uproot sleepers and twist rails like wire, this form of bathing-box would be useless; but in this age of luxury I am sure that, following and bettering Ostend's lead, something can be done to make our bathing-machines more comfortable.

The snapshotting fiend has been very much in evidence at Ostend this year, and he has taken a new form. Not content with standing on the beach and photographing ladies from there, he puts on a bathing-suit and walks about knee-deep in the water, with his camera held above his head. I saw one incident which I thought might lead to a duel.

An Englishman, one of my friends, was staying with his wife at Ostend, and they bathed every warm morning. One morning I saw the lady making for her bathing-machine, pursued by one of the camera fiends bent on "snapping" her. He had not noticed her husband, who was also coming out of the water. His camera was knocked out of his hand, and he went down into the water after it. The next day, I met husband and wife, told them I had seen the occurrence, and asked if it had produced any sequel. "Oh, yes," said the husband cheerfully; "he found out my address, and has sent me in a bill for his camera. He says that he makes a living all the summer by photographing ladies in their bathing-dresses, who generally buy many copies."

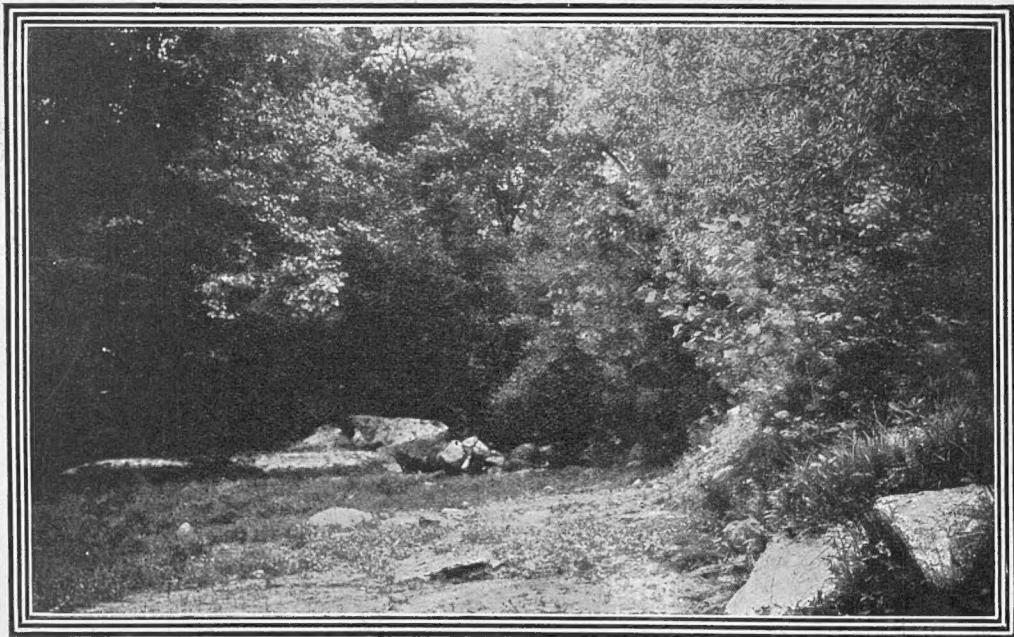
After that I looked a little more carefully at the photographers in the water, and saw that many of them had large cards on their cameras with their names and addresses printed in big type, and that some of the ladies undoubtedly did pose knee-deep in the water in order that anyone who wished could record their beauty of outline.



"CURSED BE THE LANDLORD AND ALL HIS WORKS!"
AN HISTORIC IRISH CURSING-STONE.

In County Cavan, near Black Lion, and in the neighbourhood of Terminagh and Londonderry, there still exists a curious custom. In these localities a tenant given notice to quit is wont to go out into his garden, and collect stones of all sizes. The more he can gather the better, and his "bag" is taken into the living-room of the home and heaped beside the fireplace. A piece of coke is then lighted, placed in the centre of the hearth, and buried beneath the stones. The tenant and his family then kneel before these cursing-stones, and pray that the lands of the landlord may be laid waste, that his houses may be burnt, and that calamity may fall upon him and upon his people.

Belgian flag at the top. After the contest was over I was present at a meeting of protest held by half-a-dozen very heated, in all senses, little girls against the conduct of a small boy who had been one of their digging-party, and had not behaved as a small boy should. They formed a circle round him and they talked to him. He had been sent from another digging-party to join theirs; he had not done his fair share of work; he had treated them as imbeciles; and he had so far forgotten himself as to call them *vaches*. Whatever bad five minutes may be ahead of that little Belgian boy in years to come, he will never have a more uncomfortable time than he had when the little girls, in chorus, told him what they thought of his conduct.



THE EVICTED TENANT'S HOPE: A CURSING-ROCK IN A CORNER OF THE BLACK LION CASTLE GROUNDS. Sometimes a firmly rooted rock is found on the property, and in this case the curses are called down upon the landlord and his descendants around it. Near Black Lion is an historic cursing stone. It is a large, horizontal slab with twelve basins cut into it, and in each basin is a large round stone. The one who would curse takes up each stone in turn and replaces it in its basin. As he lifts each stone he calls down a curse, and if he removes each stone and drops it into the empty pocket without letting one slip, his curses will take effect.—[Photographs by the Union Bureau of News.]

MUSIC HATH CHARMS!

(BUT NOT NECESSARILY THE PLAYER.)

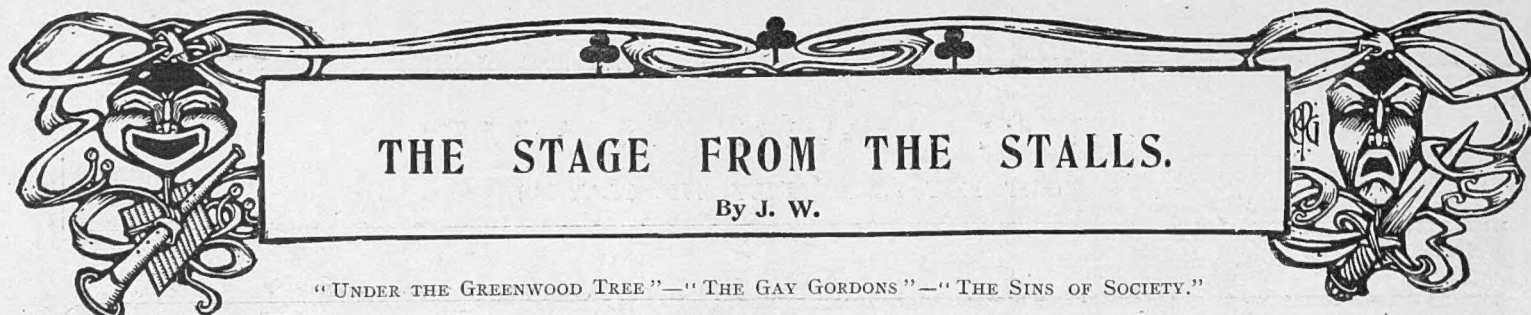


"THE HARP THAT ONCE—"

THE REAL THING: A NEGRO MINSTREL.

The negro minstrel is to be seen in Tangier. The old harpist was once a well-known singer in Germany, and sat to many painters.

Photograph No. 1 supplied by Halfstones, Ltd.; No. 2 by Stithorpe.



By J. W.

"UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE"—"THE GAY GORDONS"—"THE SINS OF SOCIETY."

MR. R. H. V. ESMOND has done far better things in his day than "Under the Greenwood Tree." After long reflection, I am still in uncertainty as to what the play was meant to be. If it was comedy, it was full of elementary improbabilities and old-world soliloquies, and its humours were often the humours of farce. If it was farce, it lacked movement and was not particularly good farce; and there was enough in it of both farce and comedy to make it difficult to accept the whole thing as romantic fantasy. In fact, the same play cannot be on three planes at once; and if it makes the attempt, however much there may be in it which is delightful, it will leave behind it a feeling of dissatisfaction. The dissatisfaction was the keener in this case in that we know what Mr. Esmond can do; and in spite of lapses into the obvious and the banal, there were passages of the best Esmond quality, of a delicate humour and a fresh, open-air, love-of-the-country sentiment which were quite delightful.

Yet all the buoyancy and the beauty and the joyous recklessness of Miss Maxine Elliott did not quite persuade me to believe in the reality of the rural corner which the wealthy Miss Mary Hamilton found for herself and her gipsy van, and the love at first sight which came to her when her Adam entered into her Eden. Perhaps it was because I had too recently seen nature as she is off the stage. More persuasive was the plain common-sense of Miss Peggy Ingledew as played by Miss Mary Jerrold, an actress with a most engaging sense of humour, and an abrupt, determined manner which should make her very useful in farce or comedy which does not aspire to be fantastic. Mr. Eric Maturin, too, as a youthful and foolish lover in the kind of part which is associated with the name of Mr. A. E. Matthews, shared with Miss Elliott and Miss Jerrold the honours of the evening—for there were honours to be shared which may make the little play a success, though the critical may not be entirely content.

At the Aldwych Theatre Mr. Seymour Hicks and Miss Ellaline Terriss are back again, bubbling with energy and high spirits. In "The Gay Gordons" there is little to be said of the music, by Mr. Guy Jones, except that its merits are unobtrusive, and the lyrics do not shine more brightly; and a singularly large quantity of the dialogue seems to be made up as you go along. But Mr. Hicks by this time probably knows what his audiences want. There is a little story of the love of a Scottish Peer, who thought he was a common soldier, and a wealthy American girl who pretended to be a rustic maid from Somerset; and Mr. Hicks and Miss Terriss can

always make love with a tenderness and a sense of halting, inarticulate passion which is better acting than musical comedy deserves. Miss Terriss, too, has a little hysterical scene on her own account when she discovers what her lover really is, which is genuinely moving; and there are few things more touching than the simple, womanly dignity of Miss Rosina Filippi. Other good things in the entertainment are the voice of Miss Barbara Deane, who has one good song which gives her a chance, and the lavish exhibition of beauty and frocks; and one sad thing is the use to which Miss Sidney Fairbrother is being compelled to put her brilliant cleverness. Mr. Fred Emney supplies low comedy in abundance, and there is distinct individuality in the humour of Mr. A. W. Baskcomb; while Miss Zena Dare makes the most of one or two unpromising little songs.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh has returned to his post as the dramatist of Drury Lane, and his return is welcome. A few years ago, in a "melo-farce," he seemed to be developing an artistic conscience, and making fun of his own work; but here, in "The Sins of Society," in collaboration with Mr. Henry Hamilton, he is his old self again, with a nice, crude, highly coloured, and terrifying picture of the villainy of the world. Nothing is lacking, from bookmakers to bridge and wireless telegraphy. An awful episode on a weir at midnight, and a raging crowd in pursuit of a fraudulent jockey at Longchamps, are wonderful enough, but they pale before the scenic triumph which sends a troopship and all hands to a watery grave below the stage. This is indeed drama; and if you long for further matters of topical interest you may see a woman led astray by a wicked man into putting coals into a box instead of jewels, whereby to trick a credulous moneylender. And, that the scenery and the stage machinery may not triumph all alone, there are actors

and actresses, people who have made names for themselves in common plays, where there have been perhaps only three changes of scene and but three dresses per person. There are, for instance, Miss Fanny Brough, her genius not altogether overwhelmed by her surroundings, and Mr. Albert Chevalier, reduced to the level of a very ordinary funny man by the inadequacy of his part; there are also excellent players like Miss Constance Collier and Mr. Lyn Harding trying to put heart into their



LESSEE OF LONDON'S NEWEST THEATRE
AND CO-LESSEE OF THE SAVOY:
MR. J. E. VEDRENNE.

Mr. Vedrenne, so well known by reason of his partnership with Mr. Granville Barker, which began at the Court and is being continued at the Savoy, has taken the new theatre in Shaftesbury Avenue. It was at first suggested that this house, which is to be opened with "The Sugar Bowl" on the first of next month, should be called the Central. It has since been decided, however, to ask permission to name it the Queen's.

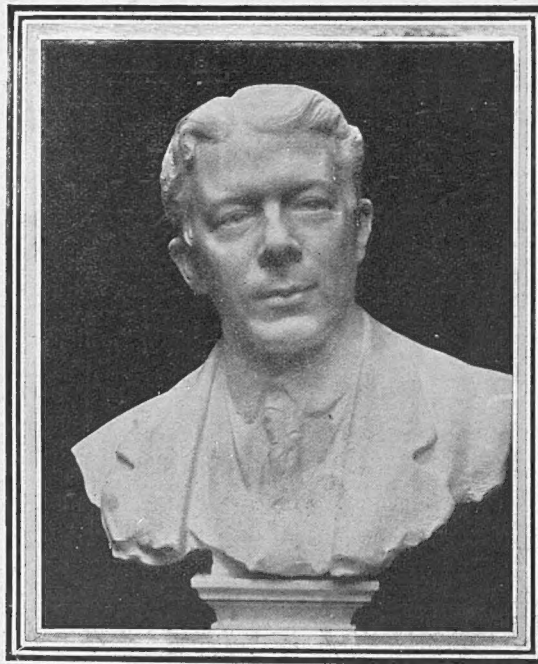
Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

whereby to trick a credulous moneylender. And, that the scenery and the stage machinery may not triumph all alone, there are actors



MILLIONAIRE'S DAUGHTER AND SHAM "SHOW-GIRL".
MISS ELLALINE TERRISS, WHO IS PLAYING PEGGY
QUAINTON IN "THE GAY GORDONS."

Peggy Quainton, desirous of discovering whether she is loved for herself or her money, masquerades as Victoria Siddons, daughter of a Punch-and-Judy showman, and proves that most desire her dollars.



PRIVATE IN THE GORDONS AND ACTUAL SCOTTISH
EARL: MR. SEYMOUR HICKS, WHO IS PLAYING
ANGUS GRAEME IN "THE GAY GORDONS."

Angus Graeme is a private in the Gordon Highlanders, and discovers that he is the missing Earl of Meltrose. Both the photographs are from busts by Mr. Albert Toft, which are in Mr. and Mrs. Hicks's theatrical collection.

villainy, and succeeding fairly well; and Miss Adrienne Augarde to lend prettiness to the part of the suffering little heroine. But it is by the shipwreck that the play will stand, and that shipwreck will undoubtedly produce a great success.

"THE SINS OF SOCIETY," AT DRURY LANE:
THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.



1. MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER AS JAMES HOGG, EX-BOOKMAKER, WOULD-BE ATHLETE, PERSISTENT LOVER, AND PROVIDER OF COMIC RELIEF.
4. MR. AUSTIN MELFORD AS THE REV. MARTIN HOPE, GUARDIAN OF LADY GWENDOLEN ASHLEY, AND GIVER OF SANCTUARY TO SIR DORIAN MARCH.
7. MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE AS LADY GWENDOLEN ASHLEY, THE SWEET BUT ERRING INGÉNUË, AND MR. AUSTIN MELFORD AS THE REV. MARTIN HOPE, ONE OF HER GUARDIANS.

2. MR. LYN HARDING AS NOEL FERRERS, THE VILLAIN, WHO SUGGESTS THAT LADY MARION BEAUMONT SHALL PERFORM THE "BOX-TRICK" WITH COAL AND A TIARA.
5. MISS FANNY BROUGH AS LADY GOLDBURY, THE BELOVED OF JAMES HOGG, AND SUPPLIER OF COMIC RELIEF.
8. MISS CONSTANCE COLLIER AS LADY MARION BEAUMONT, THE SOCIETY WOMAN WHO PLEDGES COAL AS DIAMONDS IN ORDER TO PAY HER GAMBLING DEBTS, AND MR. JULIAN L'ESTRANGE AS SIR DORIAN MARCH.

3. MR. ALBERT CHEVALIER AS JAMES HOGG, IN THE CLOTHES HE WEARS WHEN HE IS TRYING TO BECOME AN ALL-ROUND ATHLETE IN ORDER TO PLEASE LADY GOLDBURY.
6. MR. JULIAN L'ESTRANGE AS SIR DORIAN MARCH, THE GOOD YOUNG GUARDS OFFICER WHO MAKES A MARVELLOUS STAGE DIVE.
9. MR. LYN HARDING AS NOEL FERRERS, WHO MAKES DETERMINED BUT UNSUCCESSFUL LOVE TO LADY GWENDOLEN ASHLEY, AND MISS ADRIENNE AUGARDE AS LADY GWENDOLEN ASHLEY.

Photographs by the Illustrations Bureau.

SMALL
TALK

NOT TO BE A NUN: MISS MARGUERITE DREXEL.

It was stated the other day that Miss Drexel, the only child of the well-known American millionaire, was to take the veil. The story was promptly contradicted.

Photograph by Keturah Collings.

THE rumour that Miss Marguerite Drexel, the only child of the great American millionaire, was thinking of becoming a nun has been contradicted by her parents. It would be interesting to know how such a story arose; great heiresses rarely take the veil, though such happenings have been known to occur both in France and in Italy. Very few people are aware that in these days no nun takes eternal vows; Sisters of Charity renew theirs every seven years, but it does not often happen that any woman having once experienced conventual life deliberately gives it up. As most people are aware, there are at the present moment a certain number of royal nuns in

Michael's elevation to the Peerage as Lord St. Aldwyn seemed only to spur him to fresh energy, instead of being, as it usually is, a dignified retirement. His work as chairman of the great Ritual Commission called forth almost universal praise, and although he will be seventy next month, he approved himself last session as one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of Lord Lansdowne's lieutenants. Tall, thin, and bearded, Lord St. Aldwyn's striking individuality is reflected in his personal appearance. No one would accuse him of being a soft or sentimental man, but it is said that he shed tears of joy when his only son, Mr. Michael Hicks-Beach, got in at the last General Election for



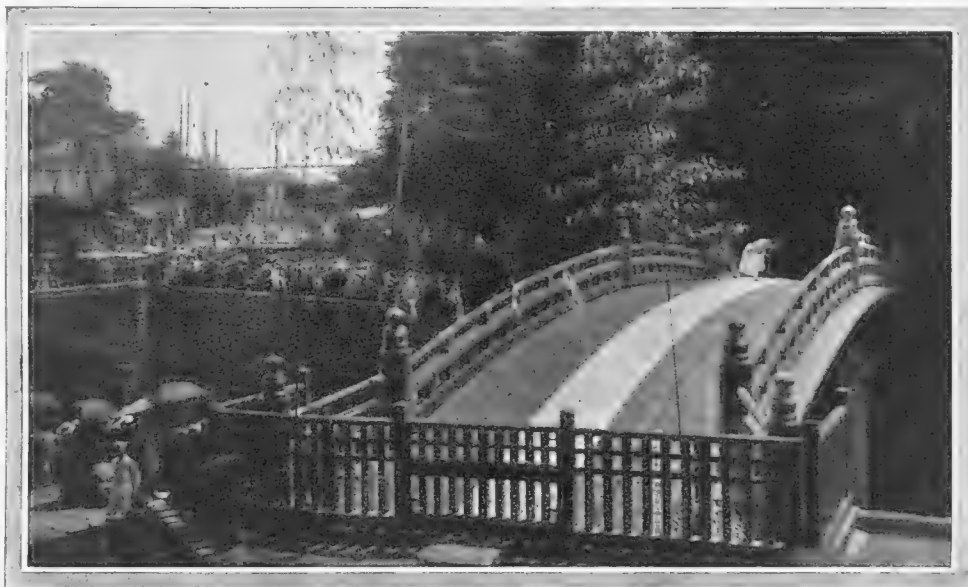
A VETERAN WALKER: LORD ST. ALDWYN.

His Lordship, who is sixty-nine, recently referred to the fact that the Mayor of Gloucester had challenged anyone of his age to run 100 yards, and stated that he was willing to walk anyone of his age for a mile.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

this country; an interesting addition to their ranks is shortly to be made in the person of a German Princess, who will have as Superior the widow of an ex-King.

An Interesting Engagement. The engagement of Miss Vera Sybil Elsie Pryce, daughter of Mr. Mostyn Pryce, of Gunley, to Mr. George Alastair Dick-Cunyngham, has aroused interest in many sections of Society. The bridegroom, who is twenty-six, joined the Rifle Brigade after leaving Eton, and rendered distinguished service in the South African War, obtaining no fewer than five clasps added to the two medals, the Victorian



A BRIDGE THAT ONLY ONE MAN MAY CROSS: THE NEW RED LACQUER BRIDGE OF NIKKO. The famous Mi Hashi (Sacred Bridge) over the Nikko Torrent was swept away three years ago, and has just been replaced. Only the heir of the Shoguns, Prince Tokugawa, may cross it, and the barriers that close its entrances are only removed on the rare occasions of his visits, and on great temple festivals. Legend relates that on the site of the bridge the prayer of the Saint Shodo Shonin was answered, and there appeared an angel who threw two rainbow-coloured serpents across the chasm, that the good man might pass over it. The bridge is familiar far beyond Japan by the many reproductions of it on fans, porcelains, and so on.—[Photograph by Illustrations Bureau.]

Tewkesbury, in spite of the Conservative débâcle in the West.

A Microbe at the Louvre. The poor pictures in the Louvre have no kind of luck at all. Three in succession have been pierced and cut by ladies and gentlemen who were anxious to draw attention to themselves. That is a common complaint, of course; happily, the symptoms are not quite so common. Yet there is a Paris doctor going about saying this is all the work of a microbe. When the microbe attacks a likely subject, the likely subject attacks the picture—not in any animus to art, but simply because he



MISS VERA SYBIL PRYCE, WHO IS TO MARRY MR. GEORGE ALASTAIR DICK-CUNYNGHAM.

Photograph by Thomson.

and the Edwardian. His first cousin, Sir William Stewart Dick-Cunyngham, Bt., was serving in South Africa at the same time, with the Scottish Horse.

"Black Michael," Walker. There are few more interesting personalities on the modern political stage than the statesman who was so long and affectionately known in the House of Commons as "Black Michael." Years ago Sir Michael Hicks Beach, as he then was, seemed at the end of his career, for he was threatened with practical blindness. But the skill of Pagenstecher prevailed, and Sir

must. A really well-trained microbe might do some good in the world of paint—a discriminating microbe—but, unfortunately for the French national treasures, the little beast that has been working havoc in the ancient palace of kings by the Seine, has no sort of discrimination. Turn the microbe loose, by all means, on the Autumn Salon, with its blue-cheeked maidens and its backyard landscapes with the washing hanging out to dry; but for goodness' sake, O mighty atom, leave the *chefs d'œuvre* alone. Otherwise, we shall have to devise a new kind of insect-killer.

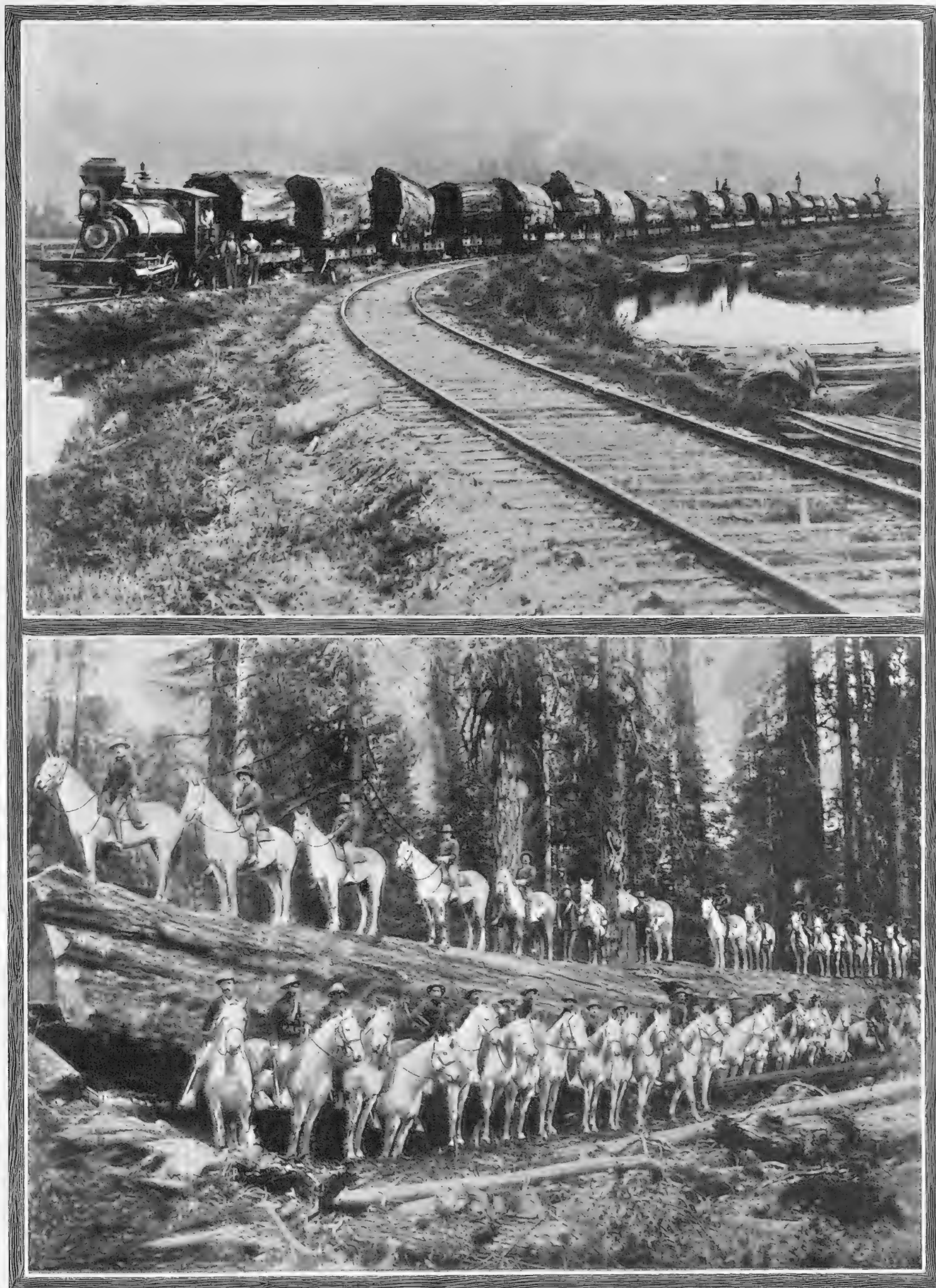


MR. GEORGE ALASTAIR DICK-CUNYNGHAM, WHO IS TO MARRY MISS VERA SYBIL PRYCE.

Photograph by Thomson.

A TREE WORTHY OF BROBDINGNAG: A FALLEN FOREST GIANT.

(BEING "OUR WONDERFUL WORLD.")



1. ONE TRAIN, ONE TREE: TAKING A SINGLE REDWOOD TO THE MILL IN CALIFORNIA.

2. A TREE THAT COULD SHELTER A MULTITUDE OF HORSEMEN: A FALLEN GIANT IN CALIFORNIA,

Some idea of the size of the tree shown may be gained from our photographs. The train bearing the tree, cut into sections, looks for all the world like the spine of some great animal; while the horsemen appear almost pygmies by the side of the giant of the forest.

Photographs by G. Grantham Bain.



THE COMING-OF-AGE OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S HEIR: THE MARQUESS OF GRANBY, WHO CELEBRATES HIS MAJORITY NEXT WEEK.

Photograph by A. M. Emery.

that most wonderful and unspoiled of Highland strongholds, Castle Grant, and nowhere is he entertained with more stately hospitality than by Caroline, Lady Seafield.

A Ducal Coming-of-Age. Even in these democratic days there can be few pleasanter positions than that of a great British Duke's elderson and heir. The future wearer of the strawberry-leaves has all the pleasures and none of the drawbacks that are attached to the possession of high rank, and when to this position he can add good health and devoted parents, he is indeed to be envied. All this has fallen to the share of John Henry Montagu Manners, Marquess of Granby, whose majority is to be celebrated at Belvoir next week. In fiction the eldest sons of Dukes are generally famed for their evil courses, but in real life it is far otherwise. The Duke of Rutland is exceptionally fortunate in his heir; the young man is clever and cultivated, and popular at Cambridge, where he occupies one of the most delightful sitting-rooms in Trinity College.

A Royal Family Gathering. It has become almost a tradition with the members

of the Orleans family to be married in England, and next November the Comtesse de Paris's youngest and only unmarried daughter will, at Evesham, become the wife of Prince Charles of Bourbon. Of the late Comte de Paris's four daughters, the two elder—that is, the present Queen of Portugal and the beautiful Duchess of Aosta—are by far the best known. Equally charming and distinguished are the younger sisters—the Duchesse de Guise, whose marriage to her cousin took place comparatively recently, and the coming bride, Princess Louise. The latter Princess, who has many gifts usually denied to royal ladies—for in addition to beauty and perfect health, she is remarkably witty and brilliant in her conversation—was mentioned as a possible wife for the young

KING EDWARD, as was his mother before him, is keenly alive to what may be called the romance of the Highlands, and when staying, as he is doing this week, in that portion of Scotland where, incredible as it now seems, something very like war raged round the wearing of the kilt, his Majesty always wears what even the Lowland Scot of late has come to regard as the Scottish national dress. During his stay at Tulchan Lodge, the King always pays a visit to

King of Spain, for, together with her mother, she has spent of late years a great deal of her life on a splendid estate near Seville. But she was considerably King Alfonso's senior, for the Princess is now five-and-twenty, and so the gossips suggested two eligibles, one heir-apparent, the other heir-presumptive to an Empire. Princess Louise was, however, the greatest friend of the King of Spain's eldest sister, and, as so often happens, she has decided to become step-

Duchesse de Guise.

Queen of Portugal.

mother to that dead friend's children.

Prince Charles of Bourbon is also the son of a royal personage who, if right were might, would be a reigning sovereign to-day. His little boy, till the birth of the King and Queen of Spain's son, was direct heir to the Spanish throne.

H.R.H. the Duchess of Scania.

The young Duchess of Scania and her two baby boys are enjoying a delightful holiday with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. In old days when a British Princess left these shores to wed a future King it very seldom happened that she saw her beloved native country again; but now royal personages travel even more than do humbler folk. Since her marriage the elder daughter of the Duke of Connaught has made two lengthy sojourns with her parents, each time accompanied by a new baby Prince. The Duke and Duchess of Scania are very popular in Sweden. The young Duchess is used to playing a part in great Court functions, and she also shares the charitable interests of her husband's venerable grandmother, King Oscar's pious Queen.

Playing at Simple Life. The German Emperor does not say to his soldiers, as one

of our heroes of history said, "Thy need is greater than mine." For the military manoeuvres (which, we are to understand, approximate as nearly to the actual thing as mortal man can make them) he employs for his dwelling a house of wood and asbestos. It sounds simple enough—just a building of wood and asbestos; but it is warmed by hot air; it takes three hours to erect, and as many to take to pieces. Kaiser William's father and grandfather fought harder on less soft couches. They took pot luck with their men, and if they chanced now and again to get better quarters, why that was the fortune of the day, and not the outcome of planning. They both starved on the day of Sedan—starved and thirsted until the battle was over and the victory won.



Princess Louise.

Photo. Boissonnas and Taponier.

THE LATEST ROYAL BETROTHAL: PRINCESS LOUISE OF ORLEANS, WHO IS ENGAGED TO PRINCE CHARLES OF BOURBON, WITH HER MOTHER, THE COMTESSE DE PARIS, AND HER SISTERS, THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL AND THE DUCHESSE DE GUISE.



A ROYAL RESIDENCE THAT WILL WITHSTAND FIRE: THE KAISER'S LITTLE ASBESTOS HUT, USED BY HIS IMPERIAL MAJESTY DURING THE RECENT MANOEUVRES.

The Kaiser is nothing if not thorough when engaged at manoeuvres. He even goes so far as to sleep on the battlefield, and for this purpose he has the asbestos hut here shown. This can be readily moved from place to place.—(Photograph by the Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft.)



ON A VISIT TO THE OLD COUNTRY: THE DUCHESS OF SCANIA (PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT), WHO IS VISITING ENGLAND.

Photograph supplied by L.E.A.

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A GREEN GROCER.



THE FAIR CUSTOMER: And what have you got in the shape of cucumbers to-day?

THE ITINERANT GREENGROCER: Only bananas, Ma'am.

DRAWN BY NOEL POCKOCK.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



MISS DORIS KEANE, the young American actress who has made so great a success as Rachel Neve in "The Hypocrites," has had a remarkable career, for so far she has been connected with plays by only two authors—Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and Mr. Augustus Thomas. She first appeared, as an amateur, as Mrs. Dane in "Mrs. Dane's Defence," and made such a success that she was engaged for the professional stage, where she modestly contented herself with the tiny part of Rosie, the actress, in "Whitewashing Julia." After that, she was chosen to play the leading part in "The Other Girl" by Mr. Augustus Thomas, who then wrote a special part for her in "Delancy," produced by Mr. John Drew. In that Miss Keane got her first big chance in New York. Then she played the heroine in "The Middleman" before she was engaged for Rachel. When Mr. Charles Frohman proposed her name for the part to Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, the author said, "I don't know her." "But I do," replied Mr. Frohman epigrammatically, "and you will." After leaving New York—where, as everyone knows, "The Hypocrites" had a run of seven months—Miss Keane went on tour with the play for six weeks. In one town in which she acted, a critic, commenting on the relationship her part bore to the scheme of the work, remarked, "It was a vastly interesting play of an English village, with, evidently, a low standard of morality."

In "Whitewashing Julia" Miss Keane was associated with Miss Fay Davis, who played the leading part. The title seemed ambiguous to certain of the American writers, some of whom thought it was a negro minstrel entertainment in which the comedians were evidently not so black as they were painted. In one town, however, the members of a whitewashing firm took the title still more literally, for they wrote offering the use of their ladders for the whitewashing purposes, free of charge, if Miss Davis would put their name on the programme.

The ambiguities which the English language may furnish once gave a humorous experience to Mr. H. G. Pelissier, the actor-manager of the Follies, who opens at Terry's this (Wednesday) evening. He was touring in the Isle of Wight, and after some depressing evenings in other parts of the island, he opened at Freshwater for one night only, to find the house, a somewhat microscopic one in size, was full. Just as Mr. Lewis Sydney had got well hold of the audience with one of his pianoforte sketches, a little girl rushed into the hall, and discovering her mother in the front row, went to her and whispered in a hoarse voice—so hoarse that all the audience could hear—"Mother, the house is on fire!" As if they were one man, the audience rose and bolted from the room, and the Follies were left to finish the programme to themselves. It was obvious, though not to the terrified audience, that the house

that was on fire was the mother's, and not that in which the Follies were appearing. Is it possible that this was the germ idea on which Mr. John Hassall based the exceedingly humorous poster with which Mr. Pelissier announces the appearance of the Follies?

Monday was a more than ordinarily interesting day for Miss Gladys Unger, for it not only saw the production of her new play, "The Knave of Hearts," at Glasgow, but it was her birthday. During the rehearsals of the play Miss Unger found it necessary to make several alterations in one of the acts, and this, of course,

resulted in a good deal of extra study for the actors. To one actor in particular fell a more than ordinarily large number of changes, which he found rather bewildering—how bewildering may be judged from the fact that when, in the course of the scene, the heroine turned to him and said: "Come, Harry, you must distract father," with his hands full of sheets of paper, on which the new alterations were typed, he turned to the heroine and pathetically exclaimed: "I am distracted."

To be kept a prisoner pending the arrival of a dress, while a party of friends is waiting to honour their chief guest, is an experience which will excite the sympathy of every woman. In that uncomfortable predicament Miss Pauline Chase found herself some time ago. A hurriedly organised or surprise supper-party was being given in honour of her birthday at the Savoy after the performance in which she was taking part. As everyone knows, the licensing laws make the time allowed for such festivities limited. Miss Chase had gone to the theatre in a walking-dress, which would obviously have been out of place at the celebration. She therefore had it packed up and sent home by a messenger, with a note to her mother asking for an evening gown to be sent in return. Unhappily, Miss

Chase's mother was out, and the messenger, finding no one at home, left the note and the parcel. Without a dress Miss Chase was practically a prisoner in her dressing-room, where she waited and waited until, as she brightly says, "it looked like an all-night sitting." Suddenly, however, her eyes fell on the short dress she had worn in the play. Obviously it would never do for her to go to the Savoy in it. It served, however, for the moment; so she put it on, had a cab fetched, drove to the hotel, called out the party which was waiting for her, and put the case before the reception committee, who were waiting, with the result that, as closing-time had arrived, they all adjourned to Miss Chase's home and finished a jolly evening—not on "the flesh-pots of Egypt" as understood by the chef of the famous restaurant, but on a supper of bacon and fried eggs, eaten to the accompaniment of much good-humour and with the sauce which—we have it on the authority of a famous philosopher—makes even poor soup not merely palatable, but a dish fit for the gods. And the licensing authorities did not have a say in the closing hour.



THE UNIVERSAL VOGUE OF THE "MERRY WIDOW": Mlle. EMMA VECLA,
THE SONIA OF THE ITALIAN VERSION OF THE PLAY.

Photograph by Adolfo Croce.

PRESENCE OF MIND !



I.—A DANGER-SIGN AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.

AN INOFFENSIVE METHOD OF REDUCING THE SPEED OF MOTOR-CARS, ADOPTED BY TWO COUNTRY POLICEMEN.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

A DAILY paper's reviewer of "The Countess of Huntingdon and Her Circle," pondering the reason why the Englishman gets his name for piety, hits upon the notion that it is because he haunts, when touring, the insides of Continental cathedrals. But the reviewer makes two jumps at conclusions. Is the Englishman famous for piety abroad? No, not for piety, though he may be for honesty and other virtues. And as for his attitude in Continental churches, it is all that of the frank sightseer, and not that of the devotee. On a Channel boat last week a party of Anglo-Saxon travellers were overheard narrating their European adventures: "The only church," said one man, "where I was asked to take off my hat was Notre Dame in Paris." He had triumphed in St. Peter's, under the Dome of Florence, and in St. Mark's. Huysmans, even in Notre Dame, thought the "gaping Englishmen" anything but "edifying." Indeed, he said the church had lost its soul by the mere fact of their presence.

And the Britisher on the boat was not merely a man of no manners. He had a reason for keeping on his head the Tyrolese head-gear which Mr. E. V. Lucas would forbid him to wear even out

busy—it will only take you a minute," and other such jocular encouragements, so also as the maker of a mediæval revival he has proved but a very second-rate William Morris of America, with a press, a bindery, workshops, and a colony of young men, who build their own cottages according to Mr. Hubbard's designs, weave their own carpets, and generally contrive to make East Aurora, N.Y., a place of very modern mediævalism.

The business of the two dollars, if right commercially, confesses to the difference between East Aurora and Kelmscott. But neither could Morris have named himself "Fra Elbertus," now the pet name of the priest of the arts and crafts of New York State. Artistically it was a simple thing for Mr. Hubbard to fall very short of Kelmscott ideals. Morris dealt directly with his own genius and the traditions of the past: Mr. Hubbard took these things at second-hand, and they have experienced a rough crossing of the Atlantic. Indeed, Roycroft may well supply to America the adjective which England has found in "Wardour Street."

Had it been known that Mr. Chesterton meant to sum up Mr. Bernard Shaw in a single phrase it might, perhaps, have been



[DRAWN BY TONY SARG.]

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS—V.: A BLACK CAT ALWAYS BRINGS LUCK TO THE HOUSE.

of a church. He was, he explained, testing the zest for their religion of the people of the various places he visited. Catholicism, he decided, is of the past because only in Notre Dame was he asked to respect it—and in Notre Dame the request was made only because of the Napoleon mausoleum it enshrines! Napoleon does not lie there, of course, but he was crowned there; and so our traveller in the green hat was, like the Emperor himself, loth to go bare-headed.

The aforesaid Countess of Huntingdon had in her Methodist circle, which was at that period curiously aristocratic, Lady Fanny Shirley, "Fanny, blooming fair." In a Walpole letter, written in the July of 1778, we read that she "died yesterday of a stroke of palsy. She had lost her memory for some years, and remembered nothing but her beauty, and not her Methodism. Being confined with only servants, she was continually lamenting—"I, to be abandoned, whom all the world used to adore!" She was seventy-two." Her beauty had been great, her face the religion of many admirers; and, despite the interval of Methodism, the ruling passion for homage asserted itself in death.

Elbert Hubbard, who has been annoying a London journalist with applications for the sum of two dollars, claimed for some book, despatched from the Roycroft Press, has failed not only as the writer of persuasive applications for the payment of bills. Even as he elicited no reply to his "Suppose you dig—cough—cash up!" and "This is our second letter—it is your move," and "Come now, partner, get

surmised by those who have learned to expect the unexpected from that pen of studied surprises. So Mr. Shaw is the enemy of paradox! He will consent to be anything, commonplace even, rather than paradoxical! Bitter at being thus discovered, Mr. Shaw, apparently, hid himself in the Welsh mountains. We had not a moment's anxiety for Mr. Shaw's safety, knowing that he was sojourning with what is called the "Summer School" of the Fabian Society. Mr. Shaw's anxious pupils were not far enough away. It is written in Mr. Holbrook Jackson's monograph of his hero that "Mr. Shaw has not the gift of concealing himself in his art." Nor yet in the Welsh mountains for long!

Is the "dead hand" of Charles Dickens to strike a blow at any plan for a memorial such as that which Lord James of Hereford has made the subject of a public appeal? It was the country's most potent pen-wielder when alive; but that does not entitle it to be the hand of an iconoclast in perpetuity—an iconoclast aiming at his own image. The way of the memorial-maker does not really seem to be barred by the paragraph in Dickens's will forbidding his "friends" to make any sort of a monument. His "friends," from the context, were obviously his actual personal friends. His readers and lovers of near forty years later are quite another company. The great success of the Pickwick Exhibition should add to the zeal of those who, under no pressure and as the result of no wire-pulling or white-mailing, wish to establish a Dickens House in memory of the illustrious dead.

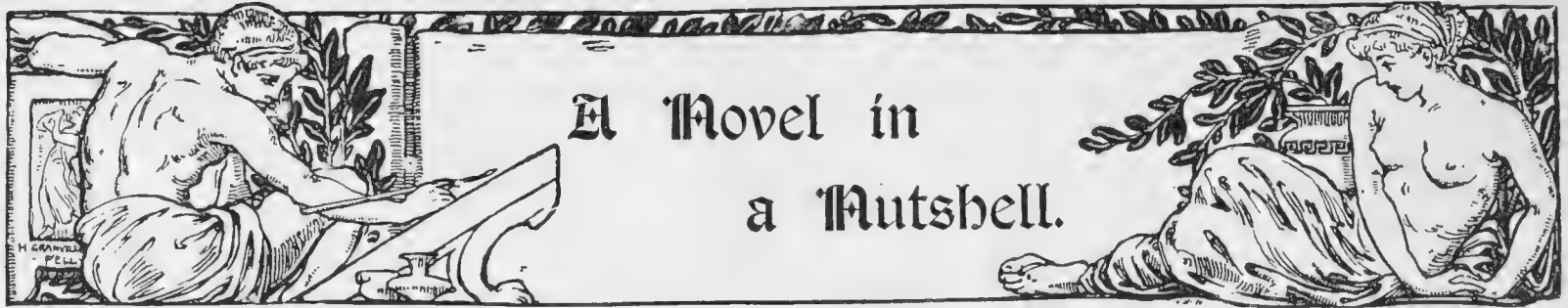
M. E.

A KNOTTY PROBLEM.



THE GENTLEMAN PERFORMING THE ROPE TRICK: Now, then, you two, run along, or I'll put me toe be'ind yer!

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.



A Novel in a Nutshell.

HELIOGABALUS THE COBRA.

BY EDWARD H. COOPER.



WANDERING one day in the Jardin des Plantes, which, as all the world knows, is the Zoological Gardens of Paris, I noted a man watching some of the snakes with an air of profound fascination. His face was familiar, and presently face and figure resolved themselves into those of a former medical-student friend, whose studies, if I remembered rightly, had been conducted exclusively in the drinking-shops of the Latin Quarter. To judge by his present appearance, he had been continuing his studies steadily and vigorously ever since. When I came near to him, the man looked round—always, however, with one eye on the snakes. He had been holding out a thin white hand to them at intervals, making a feeble movement with it, as if he wished to shake hands with one or two especial friends among them; then he stepped back a pace or two, eyeing the glass of the cages as if he could not make out what it was that hindered this common act of politeness on his part, and finally faced me squarely.

"Jules Ledoyen, surely you remember me?" I said pleasantly, holding out a hand.

He took it limply, wondering, apparently, why he was able to greet one acquaintance with a hand-shake so easily and not another, and looked at me with an uninterested stare. Then slowly recognition came into his eyes, which at the moment were of the shape and colour of early plovers' eggs; and he flung his arms round me and embraced me warmly. Four or five days' beard was on his white face; every particle of his body and clothing reeked of absinthe; but he had made many good jokes in former days, and I stood passive under the greeting.

The history of his life, which he told me tearfully and at some length (I merely bargaining politely but firmly for a seat out of doors) would not have been particularly exciting if told by the first absinthe-drinker in the world. I, who had heard it before (or something exactly like it) some two or three score of times in the cafés of London and Paris, permitted my attention to wander. The gentleman would end, I was aware, by borrowing ten francs, and till that moment arrived there was no need to move or reply. Ledoyen had lived on absinthe ever since I had seen him last, except for one brief interval, during which a clever and charming cousin had married him, in order to make him live decently, and use the unquestionably good brains with which Providence had endowed him. The young lady had not been slow to find out the high value of her famous fellow-countrywoman's advice—"Never marry a man to reform him; reform him first, and then don't marry him"—and had solved the difficulty by obtaining a divorce, and transferring herself and her energies to a painter in the same Quartier. Jules and the painter met frequently, it appeared, and occasionally spoke; "though never of her," added the medical student fiercely. "I would not speak to him of her. Could I say to him—'How is my wife?' Would I say to the villain—'How is your wife?' And might not his shameless companions laugh if I asked—'How is our wife?'"

The painter was presumably pleased with the result of the lady's migration to himself, for he lent Jules money good-humouredly in moderate sums whenever he asked for it, sat with him over his absinthe for an occasional half-hour, and once painted his portrait. "But it must have been a failure, for he would never let me see it," added Jules, shaking his head. From which one

concluded that the painter was a kindly soul, with no desire to scare a broken-down acquaintance into fits.

I lost sight of Jules Ledoyen for some days after this. Perhaps there is more absinthe to be had for ten francs than one would imagine, and he had not been looking for me very actively.

Then I met him in the Luxembourg Gardens, and though his own narrative of how he had spent the last few days was not to be understood very easily, I gathered that he had fallen on an evil fate not uncommon among his kind. Going out into the country for his morning meal (which consisted only of two glasses) Jules had taken a stroll in his café garden between the courses, and had suddenly seen a small snake sitting under a rose-tree, with an occasional shower of rose-petals dropping picturesquely over him. The snake took a fancy to Jules, it appears; followed him back to the café, followed him on to the boat, and followed him along the street to his house, where, since Jules did not at first reciprocate this sudden affection, he made a valiant attempt to get rid of the animal by rushing upstairs, dashing into his bedroom, and bolting the door. But the snake, being of that kind which is described at some length, I believe, in the pamphlets of the late learned Dr. Charcot and other opponents of the exciting but questionable practice of drinking absinthe for fourteen hours a day, was in the room before Jules, and, while the man was bolting the door frantically, was sitting on Jules' bed, wagging his head at him in impertinent derision.

From henceforth the snake never left Jules Ledoyen by day or night. As is the fashion of its breed, it slept at the foot of his bed, watched him dress, went out with him to his café, lay curled up by his chair while he drank his morning meal, climbed after him on to omnibuses, into trains, and upstairs when he went to borrow money from the painter. Whenever I met Jules now he had new stories about the humorous behaviour and kindly attentions of his "adorable little cobra," from whom he would not now be parted for the world, and whom he had christened Heliogabalus, in memory of the circumstances under which his new companion had first appeared. Heliogabalus, I gathered, was not always as popular as might be, and gave rise occasionally to the most lively scenes. A woman on the top of the omnibus, for instance, having been invited by Jules to "stroke his dear little cobra," had first looked down with a preliminary shriek in search of the snake in question; then, not immediately seeing it, had come to the irrational conclusion that it was at present climbing about her own person, and had rent the air with screams till the omnibus was stopped. Even when passing quietly along the street, if Jules sometimes lost sight of his companion, and went back in search of him, explaining eagerly to the other foot-passengers what he was looking for, there was a quite unaccountable stampede and uproar among the passers-by. Therefore, Jules was learning more and more to sit quietly in his café, with Heliogabalus curled contentedly by the side of his chair; and whenever I wished to find him, and to hear about the "adorable cobra's" latest stroke of humour, I knew exactly where to go. The waiters at this particular café had, at an early stage of the proceedings, ceased to be alarmed by Heliogabalus. Another equally regular customer was accompanied always by his leopard, who in similar fashion went to sleep under his chair, and another had a butterfly to whom he whistled and talked and offered teaspoonfuls of absinthe throughout his visit. If any new customer fell into conversation with one of these gentlemen, and had his attention drawn to their respective

companions, the head-waiter came forward and explained in polite under-tones that the snake, leopard, and butterfly were all harmless, quiescent animals, invisible save to their owners, and affording no reason for a hurried departure.

For a few days I was engaged in showing a young friend round Paris, the sights of which he was "doing," and compelling me to do, with the dogged, sullen regularity adopted by most English youths in a foreign city. I do not know why a man who would suspect practical jokes if you offered to take him the round of London churches, monuments and squares should pass his time in a nightmare of similar sight-seeing abroad. It is inconceivable that he can do it for pleasure, while for all practical purposes such business can be accomplished more thoroughly, as well as more comfortably, by sitting in the *Café Américain*, drinking coffee and reading Baedeker. Jim Hill was going through his duties, however, in regulation fashion; very much bored, and expressing frequent doubts whether he had not seen all this sort of thing much better done at Oxford.

We had been in the *Jardin des Plantes*, dined cheaply in its neighbourhood, and proposed to stroll leisurely back to the *Odéon* for the benefit of Hill's not yet very fluent French. Our way took us past the café into which M. Ledoyen had now settled himself as a permanent occupant. A considerable commotion was going on outside it this evening: nearly a hundred people were standing peering in at a window, while for some obscure reason Jules was sitting inside at a table alone.

Inquiries among the waiters outside, before we could ourselves reach the window, elicited the fact that this had been an evening of misfortune for M. Ledoyen. Some presumptuous visitor had occupied his own particular table in the café, which was unusually full. Wrath blazed on his face as he took his place elsewhere, and Heliogabalus, a snake of equally conservative habits and of a sympathetic temperament—as again is the manner of beasts of his variety—was equally angry. The waiter, and such of the customers as were in a position to study Jules closely, edged away a little, feeling uncomfortable. Five years' steady consumption of absinthe results in nothing noisy, obtrusive, or worthy of the columns of *Punch*, but frequently does cause the consumer to rise quietly and unostentatiously from his chair and put a knife into his next-door neighbour. No such thing was visible in Jules' hand at the moment; but if there is one thing more than another which is quite certain about such a person as M. Ledoyen, it is that he has a knife about him somewhere, which he will produce at the most unexpected times for the most vexatious purposes.

Jules and Heliogabalus, as their custom was, had gone to sleep after a short time, the former with his head on the table, and waking at intervals to stroke his friend by the side of his chair, and offer it some crumbs of biscuit. He was doing this now when my friend and I at last reached the window and looked in. And then, with a shock of terror which I shall never forget, I myself—I who had drunk at most a dozen tumblers of absinthe in my life—also saw Heliogabalus. A cold sweat of terror covered my face, and with a hand on Jim Hill's arm, I looked wildly from him to the snake and back. Then reason reasserted itself; Jim's voice came in blessed relief, crying out, "My stick's pretty heavy; let's go in to the rescue," and, eluding numerous detaining hands, we both went in.

M. Ledoyen, on his recent waking, had noted with astonishment that his friend was very angry about something, and, instead of moving when Jules moved, sitting still when his master sat still, and so on, was making an extraordinary demonstration on his own account. Finally, he darted his tongue out half-a-dozen times, and Jules, resenting this vulgarity extremely, threw two or three tumblers at him, and ordered him to come and lie down quietly. The storm of broken glass seemed to annoy the snake still more; he raised his ugly flat head, drew it well back, and glared fiercely for a second at M. Ledoyen. When Jules, already repentant and anxious to make up the quarrel, shook his head reproachfully, looked kindly and apologetically into the cobra's angry eyes, and finally put his hand down again to stroke him back into a more amiable humour, the snake ran up his arm, drew back his head again, and, with a little jump forward, fastened his teeth in Jules's neck. They were buried there when Hill and I reached him, and the man was giving feeble little pulls at the animal, staring round with a ludicrous mixture of bewilderment, anger, and pain as we killed the creature and dragged it away.

"It must have escaped from the *Jardin*," said the proprietor. "Go for a doctor and the police, someone, quick! Fool!" he went on, turning to Jules furiously, as would a French proprietor who anticipates a police inquisition and consequent trouble, "why didn't you come out like the rest of us when you saw the snake there?"

"It was only Heliogabalus," said Jules Ledoyen, putting a feeble hand to his throat, and looking round in helpless amazement at the pitying faces which were staring down at him. "We had a quarrel. He did not mean to hurt me. We shall make it up soon."

And, perhaps with a view to this, Jules curled himself up on the floor and went out on a journey in which it may or may not be that Heliogabalus accompanied him.

THE END.



[DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.]

THE VERY LATEST: A MARCONI UNDER THE SEA TELEGRAM.

FROM MRS. DIVER TO MR. DIVER: Come home early. Baby's cut a tooth.

EVEN MORE UNIVERSAL THAN ESPERANTO:



MOVEMENTS AND THEIR MEANINGS

Mlle. Adeline Genée, the famous première danseuse, here stands for "The Sketch" in some of the chief poses of the language of gesture. To add still further to the interest America. There she is to appear in January,

Photographs specially taken for

GESTURE, THE FIRST OF ALL LANGUAGES.

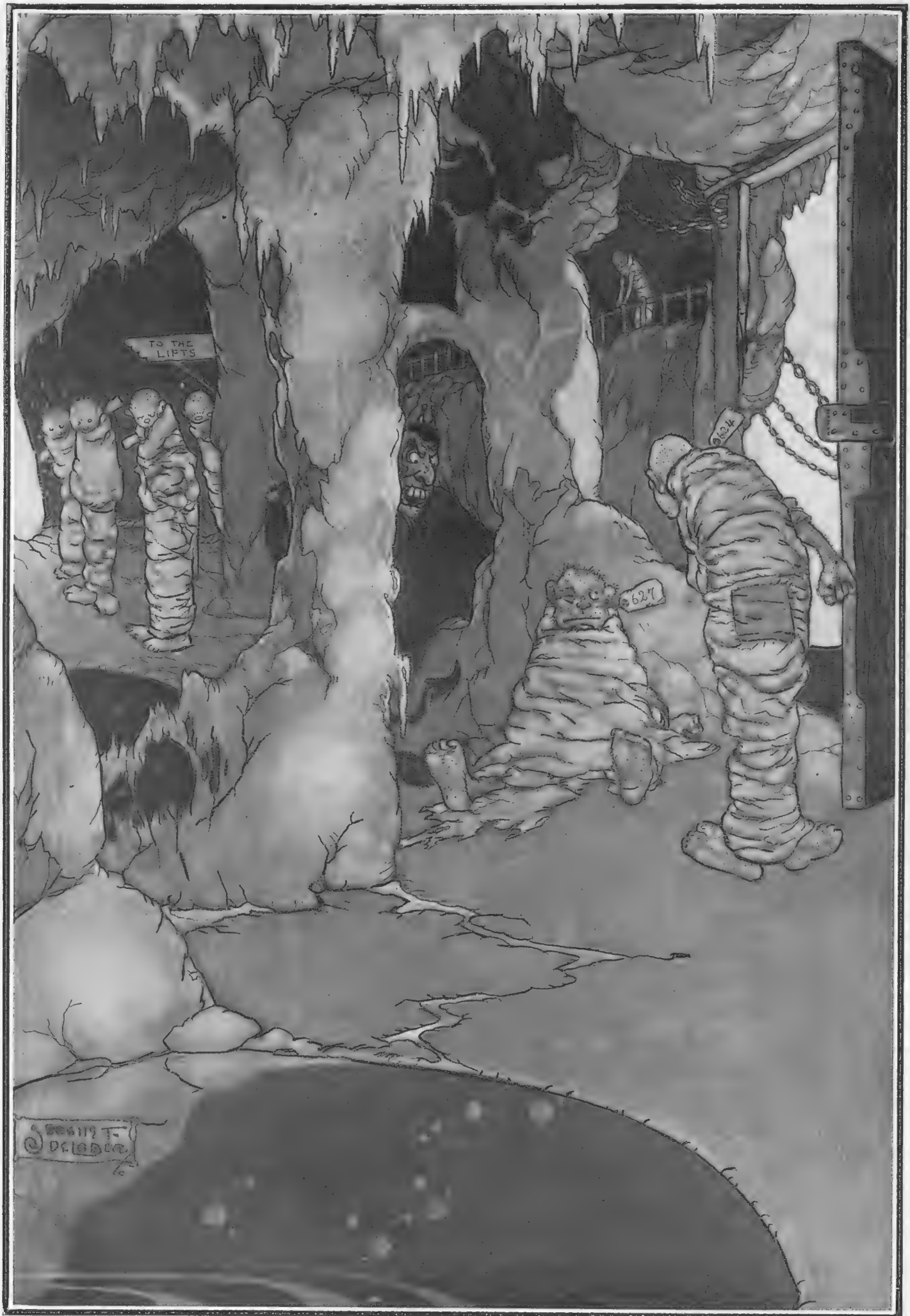


ILLUSTRATED BY ADELINE GENÉE.

of the page, we have made it illustrate also the language of flowers. Mlle. Genée is to leave the Empire, where she has had so brilliant a success, and is going to in "Aladdin," at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York.

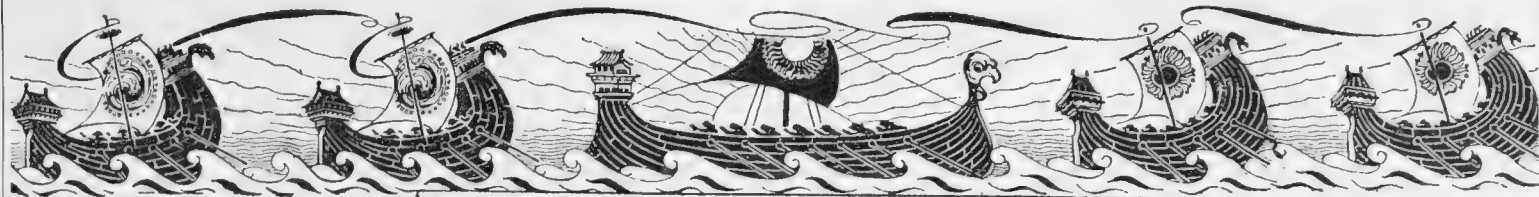
"The Sketch" by the Dover Street Studios.

INFERNALLY BAD BEHAVIOUR.



HIS SATANIC MAJESTY (to new arrivals, who have been settling an earthly difference with their fists): Now, look here. If you two can't behave yourselves like gentlemen, up you go again.

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BERE.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

"THE Baby of the House" has blossomed into an Earl, but owing to the fortunate fact that he is an Irish peer he will still occupy his present place among our elected, instead of among our hereditary legislators. It is an open secret that all those elder sons who are now M.P.s., and are keen on achieving distinction in a political career, hope ardently that one of the first reforms brought about in connection with the House of Lords may make it possible for them to continue sitting in the Lower House after they have succeeded to the family honours and dignities. "Lord Turnour's" disappearance as "Lord Winterton" into what was so significantly styled by a famous Liberal, "another place," would have been a real loss if only because the new peer adds a distinct note of youthful brightness and smartness to an assembly which is, perhaps, a thought too strenuous.

Our American Sky Pilot. Mr. S. F. Cody has flown his kite literally very high on several occasions, but never, figuratively, so high as when the War



BEAUTIFUL MAN: THE WINNERS OF THE FIRST PRIZES IN THE FOLKESTONE BEAUTY-SHOW.

Our photograph shows the winners of the first, second, and third prizes in the recent beauty-show on the Victoria Pier, Folkestone. The winner of the first prize was Sergeant Hodgetts, of the 8th Hussars; the winner of the second prize, Mr. Bernard Richard Fudge; the winner of the third prize, Mr. Herbert Sudella, a professional contortionist. The judges were ladies.—[Photograph by Skidmore.]

Office airship was released from her moorings at Aldershot last week. Great part of the mechanism of that aerial craft is from

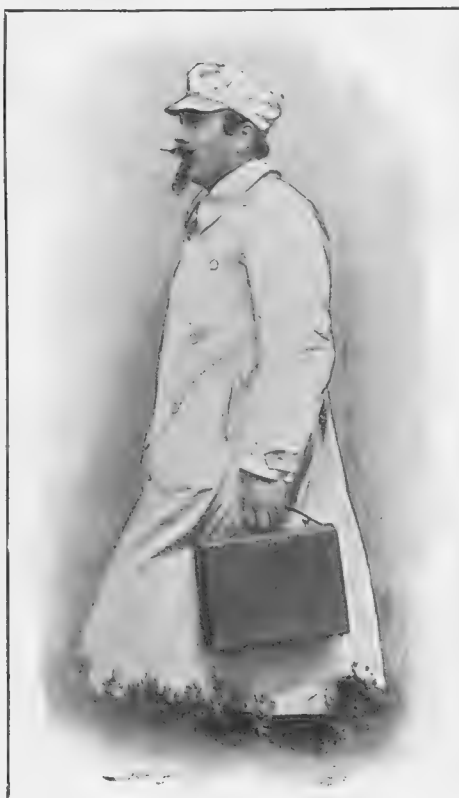
A Life for a Vanished Throne. A novel which is being much discussed ridicules the medical profession and



A LIVING PICTURE: HOW THE ENTRANTS IN THE FOLKESTONE BEAUTY-COMPETITION APPEARED BEFORE THE AUDIENCE.

The competitors had to undergo ordeal by black velvet, having to thrust their heads between two curtains, fixed in a picture-frame.—[Photograph by Skidmore.]

the design of this dashing American, and much of the work has been actually fashioned by his own hands. Sir Hiram Maxim has given us the gun named after himself; now a compatriot seems likely to help us to emulate the Wright Brothers. He is of the proper stuff for experiments of this sort, for he cheerfully takes his life in his hands—and that is the stamp of man who comes living out of the worst adventures. His kite-flying brought him as near death as most men would care to go. He was going to sail the craft across the Channel, drawing himself in a little collapsible boat. The boat collapsed successfully enough, but at a time when it should have remained taut at the end of the guide-rope. The consequence was that Mr. Cody had a horrible time of it in the water. "No small boats for this work in future," he said, upon finally reaching dry land. Since then his experiments have redeemed that self-given pledge.



BRITAIN'S AMERICAN SKY PILOT: MR. S. F. CODY, WHO HAS BEEN LARGELY CONCERNED WITH THE MAKING AND THE FLIGHT OF OUR FIRST DIRIGIBLE WAR-BALLOON.

Photograph by Park.

Hero of a Hundred Flights. We have heard very

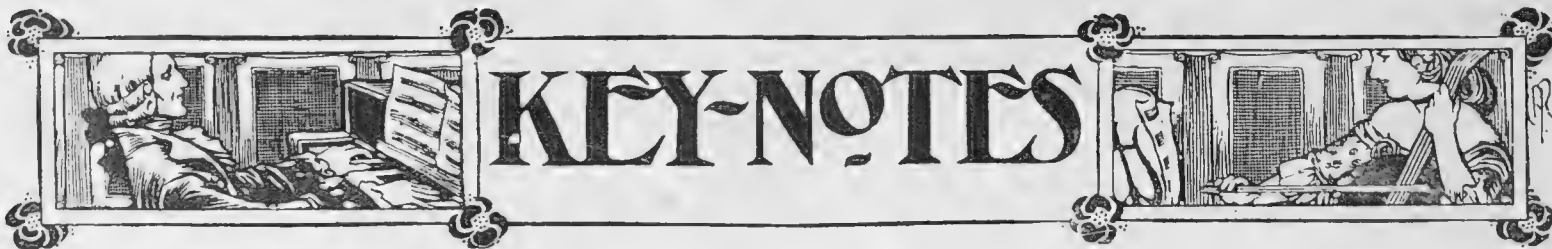
little over the flights of the War Office air-ship of Colonel J. L. B. Templer. It is characteristic of his modesty that we should not. But he is the power behind the throne; he created our War Office Balloon Factory, and is its superintendent to-day—the finest expert in military ballooning attached to any army, the critics say. He went ballooning when we were smashing the Mahdi, and dropped a thousand feet in a little parachute after his balloon had burst. The most terrific adventure he ever had—worse even than that in which he nearly bowled over Big Ben and the Houses of Parliament—was when his balloon shot up without warning and collided with the gasometer from which it was filling. The shock tore away half the ropes and left the car hanging down. Some part of the tackle held him safe, but his face was torn from temple to chin. He fainted, and was 23,000 feet in the air when he came to, and was able to pull the cord to release the gas and bring the balloon to earth.



HERO OF A HUNDRED FLIGHTS: COLONEL J. L. B. TEMPLER, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE BALLOON FACTORY AT ALDERSHOT.

The Colonel is expert adviser to the War Office on ballooning. The second demonstration of our dirigible war-balloon was given for his benefit.—[Photograph by Knight.]

the faith of the average patient. All right—but what a tragedy of hazard it is for the man who must submit! France to-day would be an Empire instead of a Republic had a certain operation succeeded. Napoleon III. was suffering after Sedan, as before it, from an agonising malady; but still he meant to have a fling for his lost throne. To reach it he must climb into the saddle. The yacht which was to carry him was engaged, the money was found. Forty thousand armed men lay at Châlons; he meant to appear suddenly in their midst, and at their head ride into Paris. Ay, ride; "ride" was the magic word. His illness prevented his riding. "I cannot walk on foot at the head of the troops," he said. "It would have a still worse effect to enter Paris in a carriage." He must ride, and in order that he might ride he must undergo a serious operation. He underwent that operation. It failed. He died under it.



THE directors of the Queen's Hall Orchestra announce their intention of giving, on the dates originally fixed, the two concerts at which Edvard Grieg was to have been present. Mr. Wood will conduct the orchestral concert announced for Oct. 16, when Miss Stockmarr, the clever young Danish artist, will be the solo pianist; while at the chamber concert, to be given on Oct. 23, Mr. Percy Grainger, the solo pianist, will be associated with the members of the Brodsky String Quartet and Miss Ellen Beck. A copy of a letter written by the late Edvard Grieg to a young English pianist has been communicated to the Press by a firm of musical agents. The letter is sent from Trolldhagen, in Norway, as late as Aug. 11, 1907, and is couched in terms of friendship and appreciation. If only on this account one must regret that a letter so intimate and so personal should be treated as public property almost as soon as the writer is buried. Certainly the communication was intended only for the person to whom it was addressed and for his immediate circle, not for the general public. Least of all was it intended for an advertisement, and in sending copies round to the Press and asking for publication it is hard to see that any purposes save those of advertisement are sought. We think that the judgment of the musician or his agent would have been displayed to better advantage had the letter been treated as a private and personal communication—as a communication sent from one gentleman to another should be regarded.

The directors of the London Symphony Orchestra announce their fourth series of Symphony Concerts, of which the first will be given on Nov. 4 at eight o'clock. There will be three more at fortnightly intervals until Dec. 16, and then the series will be interrupted, presumably because the players will be rehearsing for the English "Ring" performances that Dr. Richter will direct at Covent Garden. On Feb. 17 the series will be resumed, and there will be three concerts, the last being fixed for March 23. Then Dr. Richter, who is to take charge of the series from November to March, save when Max Fiedler conducts on Dec. 2, will surrender the bâton to Herr Arthur Nikisch, who will preside over three afternoon concerts, to be given on Saturdays, April 25, May 2, and May 9. A concert by the London Symphony Orchestra directed by Dr. Richter does much to console Londoners for the rigour of winter in the capital; it takes off the keen edge of a desire to be living in a milder and more sunny clime. It would be hard to find in any part of the world a better orchestra than that of the London Symphony players.

Considerable interest and pleasant anticipation have been aroused by the announcement that Herr Weingartner is about to take charge of the music at the Vienna Opera House. Weingartner has a measure of personal magnetism that communicates itself to audience, performers, and orchestra, and is essentially one of the strong men of music. At the Berlin Opera House it is likely that Beethoven's

"Prometheus" will be given in the near future, and the directors of the opera have actually engaged a young English-speaking tenor. The fortunate man is Mr. Francis MacLennan, who is American by birth, but won his spurs in the service of the Carl Rosa Opera Company. We are so accustomed to go to the Continent for our operatic artists that when the compliment is returned we are inclined to be a little astonished. Now that the home authorities are waking to the existence of capable operatic artists who sing well, although they were born and educated in England or the United States, it may be that we shall soon have none to spare for the Continent.



RETURNED FROM SOUTH AFRICA: MR. MARK HAMBOURG.

The famous pianist has just returned from his second South African tour. Within a week or two he will leave for America, where he will remain until Christmas. It is not likely that he will be heard in London before next May.

Photograph by Akkersdyk.

always repays a careful hearing; a Symphonic Poem by Sir Hubert Parry, and "Two Norfolk Rhapsodies" for the orchestra, by Mr. R. Vaughan Williams. The programme has

been very happily chosen, and the services of the best executants have been secured, so Cardiff's Festival should justify the city's musical reputation.

At Leeds, where the Festivals down to the present have yielded no less than £22,000 to the medical charities of the city, six new works will be presented between Oct. 9 and 12, the dates fixed for the next Festival. All the novelties are written by English composers. Sir Charles Villiers Stanford, who is to conduct, has written a Symphonic Cantata entitled "Stabat Mater." Dr. Somervell contributes an ode for baritone solo and chorus, "Intimations of Immortality"—a rather dull title, be it said. Dr. Herbert Brewer has written some Pastorals, while Mr. Vaughan Williams, Mr. Rutland Boughton, and Mr. Granville Bantock contribute songs. It will be remembered that the late Edvard Grieg was to have conducted the first performance in this country of three scenes from his unfinished opera, "Olav Trygvason," and was to have conducted a performance of his own piano-forte concerto. Elgar's oratorio "The Kingdom" will be conducted by the composer, and Bach's Mass in B minor is set down for performance on the Saturday morning.



"GRIEG'S SUCCESSOR" AT THE QUEEN'S HALL: MR. PERCY GRAINGER.

Mr. Percy Grainger, for some time a friend of the late Edvard Grieg, has been engaged to interpret the pieces which were to have been played by Grieg himself at one of the two Queen's Hall concerts next month.—[Photograph by T. Humphrey and Co.]

COMMON CHORD.

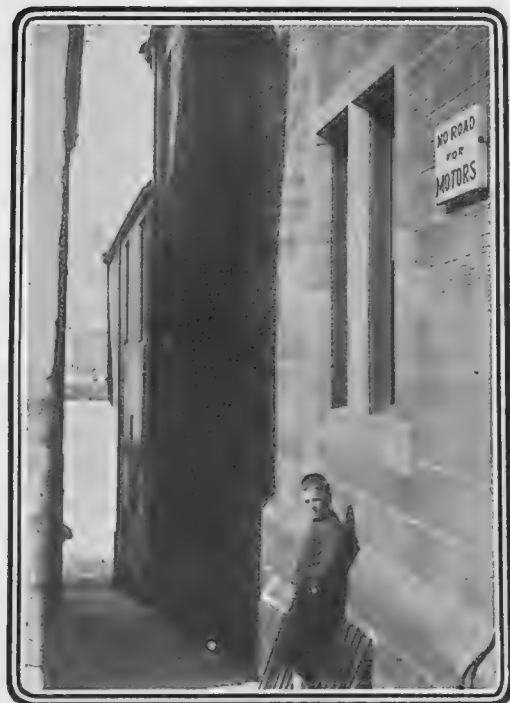


JUSTICE AS METED OUT TO MOTORISTS—A MOTORING CLERGYMAN, SMITTEN FOR FIVE SHILLINGS—PRACTICAL SPEED DEMONSTRATIONS FOR COUNCILLORS—THE SERIES OF "FIRST" RACES AT BROOKLANDS—BRITISH BENZOL AND SHELL—PEKING TO MOSCOW ON ONE PAIR OF HUTCHINSONS.

IT is indeed regrettable that those deputed to administer justice throughout the country cannot be inoculated with some sense of proportion. They should study to make the punishment fit the crime, rather than to inflict sentences in accordance with their own petty partialities and prejudices. That they do this as far as

least as motorists are concerned is made patent daily to all who take the trouble to peruse the reports of any description of cases in which motorists are concerned either as plaintiffs or defendants. While it frequently costs an automobilist anything from two pounds to twenty for slightly exceeding the legal limit, Tom, Dick, or Harry may hit a motorist over the head with a whip for a trifle of five shillings.

Take the case heard recently at the Stonehouse Police Court, when a farmer was summoned for assaulting the Rector of Eastington by striking him with a whip, as the reverend gentleman drove his motor-car slowly



A MOST UNNECESSARY WARNING: THE CURIOUSLY SUPERFLUOUS NOTICE IN A NARROW LANE AT WHITBY.

The placing of the notice here shown is surely a curious example of misguided energy. Nothing larger than a motor-cycle could pass through the lane.

Photograph by Woodhouse.

past the farmer in his cart. There was absolutely no suggestion of provocation of any sort; the ruffian farmer just leant out of his vehicle and struck Mr. Ward out of sheer savagery. When followed into his farmyard the agriculturist added insult to injury by making use of abusive language towards the gentleman whom he had already so grossly and so wantonly assaulted. The evidence for the prosecution was corroborated by a police officer, and even then the miserably inadequate and paltry fine of five shillings only was imposed. On this basis, a clerical motorist might be murdered for a pound or two.

It is suggested in certain quarters that the Motor Union is unwise in opposing the various County Council applications for speed-limits in towns and villages; but though such limits are reasonable in a few cases, the majority of applications for a speed-restriction of ten miles per hour are absurd. Both in application and in the imposition of the restriction, the speed of a motor-car is viewed from an erroneous point of view. Speed is always considered in relation to that of horse-drawn vehicles, a comparison altogether unreasonable and unfair towards the power-propelled carriage. In places where six or seven miles per hour would be extremely dangerous with a horse-drawn carriage, twelve to fifteen miles per hour would be perfectly safe with a motor-car. In all cases where applications for such speed-limits are made, the Motor Union would do well to cause the councillors and others interested to be driven over the route concerned in cars fitted with accurate speed-recording instruments, such as Smith's "Perfect" Speed Recorder. A little practical experience of this kind would do more than heaps of evidence, which must be regarded as tainted, in favour of one side or the other.

On Saturday last four "First" races were included in the afternoon's programme at Brooklands. They provided contests for cars of 90-h.p., 60-h.p., 40-h.p., and 26-h.p., the maximum cylinder-dimensions for these nominal-power classes being 225"1, weight 3000 lb.; 150"1, weight 2700 lb.; 100, weight 2500 lb.; and 64, weight 2000 lb. respectively. Now it would appear that the Brooklands authorities, by calling these "First" races, intend to promote

them in sequence, a very admirable resolve, seeing that it will enable makers to build to standard sizes, and will allow an observant public exceptional opportunities of watching the comparative performances and progress of the consistently competing cars.

From the results of certain experiments just published, it would appear that British motorists are not so entirely dependent upon foreign-grown fuel as has been suggested. On the 23rd and 24th ult., a road-test of some four hundred miles was made with ordinary shell spirit and benzol, a home-grown fuel, a by-product of gas-distillation. The car used, a 40-h.p. Napier, was driven for half this quoted distance on shell spirit and half on benzol, without any further carburetter-adjustment, although the latter fuel is of considerably greater specific gravity than petrol. The consumption was carefully checked by the qualified officials of the Club, and it was found that 19.96 miles were covered per gallon of shell, and 19.27 miles per gallon of benzol, a difference so minute as to be quite negligible. It is not improbable that the benzol mileage would exceed the petrol mileage were the carburetter carefully adjusted to the best use of the heavier fuel.

Although always greatly appreciated by those who have once adopted them, and held in particular favour across the Channel, the Hutchinson pneumatic motor tyres are hardly so well known in this country as their undoubted qualities deserve. Now if pneumatic tyres were ever subjected to hard—I had almost written brutal—treatment, surely it would be those fitted to the cars which were so



A PRIZE FOR THOSE WHO SEEK TO KILL THE DUST NUISANCE: THE BALLYMENAGH TROPHY.

The trophy was placed at the disposal of the Roads Improvement Association by the Ballymenagh Woollen Factory, Limited, is valued at 100 guineas, and was awarded by the Judges' committee of the recent tar-spreading competitions to Messrs. Clare, of Liverpool. The trophy shows Science receiving a laurel-leaf and palm from Victory and Fame, in recognition of the conquering of the dust nuisance. The car is a model of the one given by Ceres to Triptolemus. We are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Plante and Bannister, of 3, Regent Place, W., the makers of the trophy, for our photograph.

unsparingly driven, hauled, and pushed from Peking to Paris. The Spyker car—which, but for a wait in mid-Asia for a new magneto, might have dead-heated with the Itala of Prince Borghese—ran 7500 miles (Peking to Moscow) on one set of Hutchinson plain back tyres

THE WORLD OF SPORT

COMING EVENTS—PAID STEWARDS—THE PROFESSION AND RACING.

NOW that the last of the classics has been decided, the autumn handicaps will claim the attention of racing men. The Duke of York Stakes, to be run at Kempton on Oct. 12, will very likely be won by Roseate Dawn, who has so many times been so near and yet so far. The horse runs well over the Jubilee course, and he is not overburdened with 8 st. 3 lb. The Cesarewitch, which is run on Oct. 16, will this year be a big race, as many trainers have been hard at work trying to turn their sprinters into long-distance performers. I am told that Gilpin thinks he can win the race with Baltinglass, who ran second to Woolwinder for the St. Leger. The colt must have a big chance. Gold Riach is certainly well treated in the Cambridgeshire; and, if the best of the Manton lot, the Wasp filly may go close. I have had a sort of a tip for Tirara for this race. She is by Bill o' Portland out of Tirailleur, and is trained by F. Day at Newmarket. Her best performance this year was when she beat Killeagh (gave 18 lb.) for the Ellesmere Stakes, one mile three furlongs, on the July course.

Further, he could tell the weight-adjusters of the animals snatched up on the post to prevent them being placed. The question arises, who is to pay the stewards? I think all the race-meetings should be charged so much per day to the Jockey Club for the hire of a steward, who should have power to settle all disputes in the absence of any of the regular stewards. However, I would make the clerk of the scales and clerk of the course responsible for the weights to be carried by horses in weight-for-age races, and I would not allow any objection to stand on this score except in the case of fraud.

Mr. Cecil Raleigh, joint-author of the new Drury Lane drama, knows all about the sport of kings; so does Mr. Albert Chevalier. I often see Mr. Willard at suburban meetings, likewise Mr. Evett and Mr. Huntley. Not long ago I saw the King shaking hands with Sir Charles Wyndham on the members' lawn at Kempton. Mr. Lytton often attends race-meetings; Mr. Lewis Waller goes when



MAKING THE "KNOCK-OUT" SAFE: A SPECIAL RING FOR BOXING, WITH NETS TO PREVENT FALLS ON THE FLOOR.

The ring here shown, which is easily removed, is intended to prevent boxers being badly hurt by falling to the floor after a "knock-out" blow. It will be seen that the nets catch the men before they touch ground. In our photograph is shown not only the English form of boxing, but the French form, in which the feet as well as the fists are used, known as "la savate."—[Photograph by Pierre, Lafitte, and Co.]

Slavetrader was third, and Luisis and O'Cullen were among the unplaced lot. Capital contests can be looked for in the Derby Cup, run Nov. 1; the Liverpool Autumn Cup, decided on Nov. 8; and the Manchester November Handicap, to be run Nov. 23. Owners will soon be going for the Hay and Corn Stakes, and winners will take some finding. In the old days it was politic to suggest following the money in the autumn, but in these days of starting-price coups it is difficult to find out what horses are really being backed. Luckily, however, "the book" continues to take a lot of beating.

Mr. Nat Gould, who agitated for paid stewards in Australia years ago, is of the opinion that we should have paid stewards in England. I think so, too. A very long time back I suggested that men like the late Robert Peck and the late Matthew Dawson should be elected stewards of the Jockey Club, to give officialdom the benefit of their long and practical experience. I now quite think with Mr. Gould that we ought to have paid stewards—one to be present at every meeting held under Jockey Club rules. There are several good men and true ready to act, and I am certain they would go a long way to improve racing. A salaried steward, for instance, could pay periodical visits to the starting-post, to see how the jockeys behaved at the gate. The steward might, too, station himself, every now and again, at the half-distance, to spy on the non-tryers, and to keep an eye on the jockeys who are supposed to ride foul. The steward, also, might keep the handicappers well versed as to those horses which run when they are only half-

he can spare the time, so does Mr. Oscar Asche. Of the actresses Mrs. Langtry, Miss Edna May, and the Misses Dare are best known by sight to the racegoing public. Miss Gertie Millar is often seen at the Park meetings, and even "Teddy" Payne was once discovered by myself as the central figure of a box at Epsom. Miss Connie Ediss and her husband seldom miss Ascot, a meeting favoured by Mr. Hayden Coffin. I notice there is always a big addition to the number of actors and actresses present at a race-meeting when Mr. George Edwardes is running any animal with a chance, and great is the grief among the profession if the "good" thing goes under. It is said the profession had a champion win over Lally's victory in the Royal Hunt Cup, but this did not compensate for the money lost over Mr. Purefoy's colt when he ran so badly for the Derby. The music-hall profession is always well represented at the southern meetings. Miss Marie Lloyd may be noticed at many of the Park meetings, while her husband, Mr. Alec Hurley, is very fond of both racing and trotting. Arthur Roberts is a real good sport. He likes trying to find 'em, but whether he succeeds or not I cannot say. It is funny, by-the-bye, how some of our playwrights come to grief lamentably when writing about racing (of course this does not apply to Mr. Cecil Raleigh). One playwright who just now is sweeping in thousands per annum once wrote that so-and-so happened "after the horses had passed the scale at Epsom"; while a well-known lady writer once wrote that the odds against a winner were 10 to 7 against!

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Weary Millionaire.

Individuals who are "tired of Society as at present constituted" are by no means confined to the toiling and moiling masses, for those born with the proverbial silver spoon in their mouths—as well as those who have hastened to acquire it as soon as possible—are just as weary of the civilised routine as any struggling mechanic. The latter, indeed, has the advantage of not being weary of mundane pleasures—on the contrary, he only wants more of them; whereas the millionaire is often inexpressibly bored with his magnificence. Especially hard is the burden of riches for the women-folk, for a sumptuous background is often fatal to originality, and the most spirited and altruistic girl gets thrust into a groove from which there is no escape. This is an age when princes fly from the responsibilities of government, and, disguising themselves as doctors or sea-captains, disappear from European ken; when Royal Dukes go to the North and South Poles, across Central Africa, or make flights in dirigible air-ships; when royal ladies escape from the tedium of palaces, and, taking the first train, proceed to sunny shores to live the lives of commoners. It is impossible to doubt that material riches are

beginning to pall on those born in the purple, so that a rearrangement of Society, to suit the disinherited of the earth, should meet with no insuperable difficulties.

The Boy with the Black Socks.

It is clear that England is rapidly becoming the holiday-ground of the foreigner, and never, perhaps, have so many different accents been heard in every corner of this island. The tongue spoken in Illinois and Kentucky has pervaded the River Thames this summer, as well as that of the natives of Berlin, Dresden, and Munich. But the Americans and the Germans we have always with us; much more remarkable has been the influx of French people who are not merely making a tourist's trip, but who are obviously sojourning here for the summer. I always know a French family

gesticulates a good deal about his luggage; you meet him in lonely lanes, pushing his bicycle up a hill; his brown eyes regard you mournfully (the modern French child is very serious and overworked) across a vista of little tables at the hotel. There is none of the fine irresponsibility, the happy carelessness of the chubby British schoolboy about him. Who knows if his black socks are not his *panache*, a symbol of serious and strenuous endeavour in that grave country which is the New France?

Terrors of the Hotel Drawing-Room.

There are few things more truly terrifying than the average hotel drawing-room, especially of an evening. Men fly from it, indeed, as from the plague—and small blame to them. The spectacle of a score of their feminine contemporaries, dressed in black silk skirts and white blouses—the uniform of many an hotel drawing-room—and all occupied in fancy-work, is enough to strike a chill into the stoutest heart. The famous Wordsworthian line, "A party in a parlour, all silent and all damned," occurs irresistibly to the mind at the sight of this forlorn assemblage. Occasionally the guests converse in mournful whispers, much as if they were visiting the tombs of kings or the Doré Gallery; the windows are always shut; the lights twinkle afar off, in the ceiling; the saddle-bag sofas cleave to your person. Old ladies in caps (who are to be seen nowhere else in civilised society) are occupied in knitting and speaking ill of their neighbours; strenuous spinsters in pince-nez peruse the *Vegetarian Review*. It is an awesome company into which one strays sometimes inadvertently. And over the portals of the hotel parlour should be inscribed the famous warning: "Lasciate ogni speranza, voi ch'entrate."

Decadent Englishwomen.

Professor Zerrero, who knows all about the Decline of Ancient Rome, has lately been speaking his mind, in a German review, about the Decline of Modern England. Of course the decline is not yet distressingly apparent, except to the perspicuous eyes of a Teutonic professor; but all the same we are, it appears, going the way of all over-civilised and luxurious Empires. This newest critic has not visited our island for thirteen years, and he is amazed at the increase of luxury, of facilities for pleasure, at the size of the new public buildings. But it is the modern Englishwoman who fills the Professor with more alarm than even our new War Office. He fears her because of her numbers, because of her pretensions to political power, and because of her impressionability to new ideas from abroad, which he thinks will undermine English national life, just as the ideas and religions imported from the East, and which were encouraged by the ladies, undermined the Republican virtues of Rome in her splendour.

Cadgers in Country Houses.

The cadgers—male and female after their kind—who invite themselves, on flimsy pretexts, to country houses, have long been with us, but never have they flourished their profession so brazenly as during the last year or two. No house-party, however carefully selected, is quite secure from these predatory gentry, and no hostess of a big house feels safe, for nothing is so difficult as to refuse a proposal of this kind, especially if the cadger makes Scotland his happy hunting-ground, the distance from centres of civilisation being great and Scottish hospitality proverbial.



A TEA-GOWN FOR RESTAURANT WEAR IN CREAM SILK AND LACE.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

by its Boy. There is never more than one son, and whatever his age, whether six or sixteen, he wears short trousers, a floating cravat, bare legs, and black socks. Now the Boy with the Black Socks has been ubiquitous this summer in our southern counties. You find him on country railway platforms, where he



A SMART HAT FOR AUTUMN WEAR.

(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-about-Town" page.)

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

LAST week there were two important dress events—one at Doncaster, the other at Drury Lane. From each of them could be gleaned much of what fashion will be in the coming months. The Yorkshire meeting was held in ideal summer weather—belated, but so much better than never. The effect of it, so far as dress was concerned, was as if the human butterflies, having retired into autumn grub, were induced by the plentiful sunshine to emerge again in all their summer beauty and ethereality. Probably never before has Doncaster been graced by such lovely, light dainty dresses. What was observable as to the fashion of the future was that a deep, rich purple was much worn, also many shades of what is called dahlia colour, although it is only one of the many rich tints of that autumn flower, the one between purple and crimson, that is so becoming and so effective. A gown of it in silk voile was worn over an eau-de-Nil silk, the result being very satisfactory.

White was very much worn, and many guipure, filet, and Irish lace coats were seen. These were long, almost to the knees, and were closely fitted into the figure at the sides and pleated at the back. Meteor crêpe-de-Chine was much in favour for white dresses. It is the equivalent in that fabric that shantung is for tussore, and is rich and falls with charming grace. A dress of it was worn in white with an Irish lace bodice drooping slightly in front over a folded waistband of tawny brown. A white tulle neck ruffle was worn with long brown gimp tassels and a white crinoline straw hat, the brim lined with golden-brown satin, and the trimming a handsome shaded Paradise plume from dark brown to gold, and gold and silver apples with green leaves. A champagne-coloured crêpe-de-Chine sunshade was carried. The costume was accorded a large share of admiration.

Good-looking women are always to be found at British race-meetings. Doncaster this year seems to have been specially favoured. Possibly no country can show more distinctly differing types of beauty than our own. This is due in a great measure to our strong individualism, which does not permit us to follow fashion very slavishly. There was Mrs. George Keppel, remarkable for a beautiful carriage and pose of head—a tall figure, well set up and perfectly attired, nut-brown hair always beautifully dressed and with many lights in it, crowned, as usual, with the smartest of French hats; Lady Lytton, lovely in a picturesque way, dressed, as ever, in a way suiting her looks, but quite unremarkable (on one day she was all in black, with some art-green in a black hat); Lady Sarah Wilson, the very ideal of a fashionable Englishwoman, dressed to perfection in the latest fashions, emanating from Paris, doubtless, but adapted by an Englishwoman and made her own; Lady Savile, the King's hostess, an English lady who adapts herself to Paris fashions, and might well be taken for a Frenchwoman.

Then there was Mrs. Lewis Harcourt, American, dressed each day in frocks remarkable for a quiet, reposeful dignity of style, and always a harmony in one colour, evidently a leaning to the Parisian mode where hats are concerned, but a decidedly British conception of reposefulness and rest; dainty Lady FitzWilliam, who wears white with the grace of a girl of eighteen, for whom she might well be taken; Lady Marjorie Manners, who has quite a Venetian style of beauty, and who dresses always as an artist would have her dress; Lady Wolverton, tall, distinguished-looking, dark, with a neat, well-set head, and small, patrician features, dressed always above reproach, and always unmistakably an Englishwoman. Mrs. Hall Walker, with beautiful prematurely silvered hair, blue eyes, and charming complexion, seems designed by a complacent nature for Pompadour style, and might easily be taken for a Frenchwoman of the Ancien Régime. She dresses in Parisian style, adapted by Parisians to the good looks inherited from the Sheridans. I might go on multiplying instances of our differing types, each so wholly satisfactory. It is one of those things which most of all strike foreigners about an assemblage of beautiful, well-bred British women.

Dress in the new drama at Old Drury teaches us several things about the fashions of the month after next. One of these is that the long tight sleeve to the wrist is coming in again. A charming dress worn by Miss Constance Collier, in the first act, of apricot-coloured shantung, has a bodice inserted with wide bands of the new string-lace, which is another novelty for the autumn. There are long sleeves to the wrists of slightly rucked net the colour of string. The yoke and high collar are also of this net, embroidered with lace-like stitches. The bright blue coat and skirt worn in the Grand Prix scene are of shantung. The skirt is perfectly plain. The coat is three-quarter length, and is trimmed all round with a wide band of the newest thing in trimming, called macaroni work. It is filled-in raised circular thick piping of the shantung itself, put on in curves and lines and loops. The term macaroni very well expresses it.

Miss Augarde's wedding dress also strikes a new note; it is cut entirely on the cross—a matter of much difficulty for a perfectly plain Princess dress. The result is extraordinary perfection in fit, and singular grace in the fall of the skirt drapery. In the Grand Prix scene Miss Fanny Brough wears a wonderful coat of Russian braiding in green and yellow. I understand that it took almost

a month to make, and is, in consequence, rather a unique garment, since few women will order a costume for which they will have to wait quite five weeks.

On "Woman's Ways" page is an illustration of a tea-gown which is designed to be worn for a restaurant and play party, as well as indoors. It is of cream-coloured silk and lace. The front is finished with a stole embroidered in floss silk in a design of roses and leaves, and caught together across pleats of creamy-hued net with bands and bows of black velvet. The lace under-bodice is similarly trimmed, and has cape-shaped sleeves of net, lace, and velvet.



"TRIXIE" AWHEEL: MISS MARIE LÖHR ON HER RUDGE-WHITWORTH BICYCLE.

Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

IS THE BRITISH TYPE OF BEAUTY EQUAL TO THE AMERICAN?

For portrait No. 1 on our double page we are indebted to the courtesy of the Press Publishing Company (the *New York World*)—copyright 1907; for No. 2 to J. E. Rosch—copyright 1907 by publishers, George Knapp and Co. (*St. Louis Republic*); for No. 3 to Rembrandt—copyright 1907 by publishers, George Knapp and Co. (*St. Louis Republic*); for No. 4 to Rinehart—copyright 1907 by the *Omaha Daily News*; for No. 5 to Montrose—copyright 1907 by the *Columbus Dispatch*; for No. 6 to Matzene, Chicago—copyright in the U.S.A. 1907 by the *Sentinel* Company, Milwaukee, Wis.; for No. 7 to Bakody-Berger—copyright 1907 by the *Cleveland Leader*; for No. 8 to Charles H. Allen—copyright 1907 by the *Evening News Association*; for No. 9 to Garrett, Neenah, Wis—copyright 1907 by the *Sentinel* Company, Milwaukee, Wis.; for No. 10 to Charles O. Smith—copyright 1907 by *Buffalo Times*.

On the occasion of the Folkestone races on Sept. 24 and 25 the South Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special club train leaving Charing Cross at 11.10 a.m., Waterloo 11.12 a.m., London Bridge 11.17 a.m., first-class only, including admission to the course and reserved enclosure, 20s.; not including admission, 8s. First-class tickets from London issued on Tuesday, 24th inst., will be available to return on same or following day. Tickets issued on Wednesday, 25th inst., will be available for the day only. A special train, third-class only, return day fare 6s. (including admission to the course), will leave Charing Cross 10.25 a.m., Waterloo 10.28 a.m., London Bridge 10.34 a.m., and New Cross 10.44 a.m.

Who is going to pay for the broken glass? That is always the pertinent question after the row when the windows get smashed and the police take up the wrong people. The French in Morocco, and out of it, are wondering who is going to foot the bill. The nations say pleasantly, "Of course you'll pay; it was your guns that did the damage to our protégés, or at least precipitated the pillage of the Moors." The French, naturally enough, have no mind to stand Sam, "Send the account to Fez," is their solution of the difficulty.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 25.

THE prevailing feature of the Stock Exchange position continues to be restricted business and a pretty steady stream of small investment-buying, brought about, no doubt, by the prevailing low price of many excellent securities. The result has been that within the last account prices have, as a general rule, somewhat improved. Probably closing by numerous bears in almost every market has contributed to this result as much as, if not more than, any other single factor, and so persistent has been the stream of covering orders that it looks as if many shrewd operators who refused to credit Mr. Asquith's statement of two or three months ago, that the bottom had been reached, now consider that the time has come to pocket their lean profits and await events.

HOME RAILS.

Nothing is more noticeable than the scant effect of the magnificent traffic returns on the price of Home Rails. Week after week large increases are added to the returns of nearly all our principal lines, and yet prices are lower to-day than they were a few months ago; and what is more, lots of investors actually declare their income is gradually dwindling away, although, as a matter of fact, in nearly every case the same or a slightly increased dividend was paid in July or August, as compared with the distributions made in the corresponding months of 1906.

Take the following lines as examples—

Railway.	Dividend, August 1906.	Dividend, August 1907.	Price, Sept. 1, 1906.	Price, Sept. 2, 1907.
London and North-Western	5½ p.c.	5½ p.c.	154½	139½
North Eastern	5½	5½	140	134½
Midland Deferred	2½	2½	66½	60
Great Western	3½	3½	130½	120½
South Western	4	4	151½	138

While since the current half-year has been running—a matter of ten weeks—the increases have been: North-Western, £120,000; North-Eastern, £146,057; Midland, £136,000; Great Western, £80,100; South-Western, £12,700.

It is true that expenses, especially coal and labour, have increased, but we do not think the whole of such increases as that of the North Eastern (probably amounting to £300,000 by the end of the year) are likely to be eaten up. The one black spot is, of course, the labour position and the threatened action of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants. Until the question of strike or no strike is settled investors will not risk their money in Home Rails. In some ways, from a market point of view, it would be better to fight it out once and for all than to go on with the danger continually hanging over the shareholders' heads. We hardly expect a serious improvement in prices until we know whether the directors or the workmen are to be in future the masters of the English Railways.

NITRATE DIVIDENDS.

There has been a marked advance in the price of the leading Nitrate Companies' shares since I last wrote to you on this subject, as the subjoined table will show, although the highest prices of 1906 have not yet been reached—

Name.	Present Price.	Price End June 1907.	Highest in 1906.
Liverpool Nitrate	23	18½	23½
Colorado Nitrate	18½	16½	19½
Lagunas Syndicate	3½	3	3½
Santa Rita	12½	11½	16½
Rosario Nitrate	6½	6½	7½

The explanation of the advance in prices is, no doubt, to be found in a growing recognition of the fact, which I have always endeavoured to impress on your readers, that the market for the commodity is steadily growing and broadening. Both Egypt and the United States are becoming large consumers, and the total consumption in all the countries outside Europe for the month of August was 874,900 quintals, as compared with 765,700 quintals in August last year. There is a possibility, too, that there may be some mitigation of the excessive cost of labour in Chili, and the Government is assisting in the formation of an agency to promote the immigration of labourers to the nitrate grounds.

To turn to individual companies, the greatest interest is naturally being taken in those companies whose financial year ends in June, as they will shortly be announcing the final dividends for the twelve months. The *Liverpool Nitrate* Company paid 45s. per share for the year ending June 1906—an interim dividend of 15s., and a final dividend of 30s. For the current twelve months an interim dividend of 27s. 6d. has already been paid. It must not be assumed that the final dividend will be increased in the same proportion, but it is highly probable that the total dividend for the year will show an advance, possibly a considerable advance, on last year's figure. The *Colorado* Company paid a total dividend of 40s. for the year 1906—an interim dividend of 10s., and a final dividend of 30s. For the current year the interim distribution was 20s., as compared with 10s., and here again the final distribution will probably be very satisfactory, although in this case the dividend is not likely to be much increased until the Debentures have been all paid off. Both the *Santa Rita* and the *Lagunas Syndicate* are likely to pay increased dividends; the latter Company has a long life, and has paid off all its debentures. For a lock-up the *Rosario Nitrate* Company's shares are perhaps as cheap as any. The Company is paying dividends of 8s. per annum, and redeeming its Debentures at the rate of about £50,000 per annum. As soon as the whole of the outstanding Debentures are redeemed a dividend of 15s. to 20s. per share per annum may be expected. In the meantime the shares can be bought to pay over 6 per cent.

AMERICAN PESSIMISMS.

Copper has assumed so dominant a position in regard to the American market that the course of prices in the latter will have to hang upon the copper quotations for a week or two, so far as we are able to foresee. On the day of writing, pessimisms about the future of copper are as plentiful, and dogmatic, as were optimisms only a few months back: whereas then everyone talked copper to £150 a

ton, now they talk it to £50. A good deal of learned nonsense is being written concerning copper at the present time: nonsense, for the simple reason that the *soi-pensant* authority must obviously be in the dark with regard to the plan of campaign revolving in the minds of the Wall Street bosses. Next to copper, the money market situation is the principal factor in Yankees, and if we were bulls of Americans, we should feel anything but easy with regard to the autumn drain.

MORE ABOUT RUBBER SHARES.

Between the careful and painstaking opinions expressed by our correspondent "Q" and the more rough-and-readily acquired views of the market in the Stock Exchange there is frequently less divergence than might be supposed. His selection of Rubber shares, given here last month, has been fully justified by the subsequent current of prices, and we may add, market opinions concerning a few other shares that are much to the front. Of Kepitaggalla, no great things are expected. A block of shares is, we understand, on tap, and strenuous efforts to get rid of them have resulted in the shares being "puffed" in certain directions. Sumatra Para, at about 2½, are recommended as one of the cheapest things in the market, and the Kuala Lumpur Company, with its immense number of trees, should do well in the future, though the capital is fairly large. To put away for a long shot, Rubber Estates of Johore, £1 shares, with 5s. paid, are perhaps about the cheapest things in the market at 9s. 6d., but they may require to be kept for some considerable time.

KAFFIR CALCULATIONS.

Said one of the shrewdest dealers in the Kaffir Circus to us the other day, "If they could only keep the market going for a month, we should see the public come in, as sure as a gun." But who's going to do it? The palpable reply is that the big houses ought to, if only for their own sakes. It is just what they won't do. Beat the big drum of figures; point to record output, improving labour returns and good dividends, and while your pet points are frankly admitted, "No, thanks," is all the reward you get for your pains to help people make money out of a purchase of Kaffirs. And there is money in Kaffirs yet. Knights, Casons, North Randfontein, Robinson Central Deep—put them away for six months. Then write to us again.

Saturday, Sept. 14, 1907.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

A. E. F.—We never write private letters except in accordance with Rule 5 of our Correspondence Rules, published in the first issue of every month. Both Colonial stocks are available for trustees, and are quite secure.

A. C. H.—We sent you the name and address of the secretary of the Scottish Railway Shareholders Association on the 11th inst.

TARTS.—The Pacific Nitrate Company has now got one of its grounds producing, but we are not sure if the full machinery is at work. San Patricio is, we understand, doing well. You will find prices quoted in the *South American Journal* week by week. If you bought Waihi as an investment there is no reason to sell. The mine is doing well, and has enormous reserves. We have no information as to Straits Settlements.

G. D.—Your letter was fully answered on the 9th inst.

K. L. B.—The Debenture stock is quite safe, and the Dwellings Ordinary shares a sound investment, unless Municipal Socialism in time affects the profits.

LOCHINVAR.—The more you spread your investment, the more Companies will you have to watch. We prefer "Q's" list pure and simple, but you may add, in the order named, (1) Robinson Central Deep, (2) Witwatersrand Deep, (3) Broken Hill Proprietary, (4) British Broken Hill. (2) It is quite impossible to indicate now mines to invest in some months or years hence. (3) Keep the Rietfonteins. (4) We have no faith in Chartered Trusts, or, in fact, in anything connected with the Chartered Company. (5) Probably. (6) Whatever we may think of the list of mines you name as speculations, to form part of the "Trust" we would only have Nos. 4, 6, 7, 13, 15, and 17, with, perhaps, 5 and 10 as second strings.

RUB.—We think it is wound up, but will inquire.

C. U. S.—Most of your list consists of second-rate Industrials, with none too good a market. Why not sell the lot and put the money into Cuba 5 per cent. gold bonds or good Argentine Railways?

V. C. D.—(a) Good speculative shares. (b) If you have them you need not sell. (c) We know very little of it.

RUBBER.—Send the list. In American Railways confine yourself to bonds. See this week's "Notes." All Rubber shares are to some extent a speculation.

AQUILA.—Of course, you can get nearly 5 per cent. with reasonable safety. Spread the money over (1) Cuba gold bonds, (2) Japanese 4½ per cent. stock, (3) Argentine 4 per cent. stock, (4) Antofagasta Railway Cumulative Pref., (5) B.A. and Pacific 5 per cent. Debentures, (6) Tokio 5 per cent. bonds or Mexico City 5 per cent. bonds.

MUSLIN.—See this week's Notes and the last answer.

BARRIER REEF.—The fear of lower prices for lead and zinc and vague rumours of labour troubles account for the fall. The price of the metals is the chief factor in Broken Hill profits.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At Yarmouth the following should go close: Norfolk and Suffolk Handicap, Rift; Great Yarmouth Plate, Whiting; Nelson Plate, Sandboy; Hastings Nursery, Sheelah; Corporation Welter, Elma; Durham Handicap, Dunree; Gorleston Nursery, Woolsack. At Ayr the following should run well: Stewards' Plate, Love Slave; Inauguration Cup, Pieman; West of Scotland Foal Stakes, Quercus; Ayrshire Handicap, Gnome; Juvenile Handicap, Cockenzie; Ayr Gold, Wild Lad. At Manchester Dollars may win the Lancaster Nursery, Quelpart the Foal Plate, Kolo the Prince Edward Handicap, and Tiptoe II. the Michaelmas Plate. I like the following for Hurst Park: September Plate, Pané; Autumn Handicap, Detection; Molesey Nursery, Maupas.

CONCERNING NEW NOVELS.

"*Margery o' the Mill.*" By M. E. Francis. (Methuen.)—"The Pagan Woman." By Norma Lorimer. (Chatto and Windus.)—"Marcus Hay." By Stanley Portal Hyatt. (Constable.)

IN "*Margery o' the Mill*" Mrs. Blundell re-tells the old, old story of the poor, proud bachelor, the fatherless moneyed maid, and the unscrupulous gallant—that famous trinity; but she tells it with so much ease, with such engaging freshness, that few will find it in their hearts to grumble at her choice of theme. There is, too, a vigour, a virility about the work that has not always been conspicuous in M. E. Francis's books; the characters move less laboriously than did some of their predecessors, there is less rusticity about them, less of lavender and old lace in their environment. For all that, "*Margery*" is typical of its author's methods at their best. If you like the M. E. Francis manner, you will like this, the latest example of it; if the manner is not sympathetic to your moods, the book may fail to interest you. Alike from the point of view of construction and characterisation, the story is well contrived. Truly, Edward Frith, the precise, prudent, almost priggish young farmer, is preternaturally blind to his own happiness; truly, Margery Burchell, the wayward village beauty, is preternaturally ready to misread her true love's attitude; truly, Harry Westacre, the scheming "young Squire," is preternaturally clumsy at times in his plotting and planning; but are not people often preternaturally blind, misunderstanding, and clumsy? How else could the world be as it is? License, too, must be allowed as much to the novelist as to the poet, and Mrs. Blundell never trespasses beyond the line that marks the frontier of possibility and impossibility. Many will watch with growing interest the career of the Maid of the Mill who got engaged out of pique, repented her of her error, found her heart's true resting-place, and doubtless, knowing nothing of the sins of Society, lived happily ever afterwards.

Miss Norma Lorimer finds the flint and steel for her new novel in two women, the one self-satisfying, the other self-sacrificing; the tinder—the very damp tinder—in an unworldly Professor who cannot see beyond the specimen under his microscope. Martha, in whose cottage the Professor lodges while studying Neolithic and pre-Celtic remains, is a younger Mrs. Wiggs, devoted to the man of science, hard-working, utterly unselfish, willing to give up everything for others. All is well with her until there comes into her home the "*Pagan Woman*," Marion Houston, her cousin, a born voluptuary, of exuberant vitality, eager only to live life to the full, to drain the cup to its dregs and then to throw it aside. All men come under Marion's spell, even that half-man, the Professor, and soon the patient Martha sees her idol fluttering to the web. Then

he is caught, and joy goes from her. Marion tells her of her engagement, and she falls fainting to the floor.

Marion did not know what to do. The clock seemed to have ticked away hours of time since she had heard her own voice say—"The Professor asked me to be his wife; I accepted him." In despair she flew to the bottom of the stair and screamed out till the little house echoed with her cry.

The Professor came stumbling down as quickly as his short-sighted eyes would let him, and in a moment he was kneeling by Martha's side. "What has happened?" he asked. "What caused it? I have never known her faint before."

His face betrayed the keenest distress.

"I told her of our engagement. The shock was too much for her. Before I had realised it she had fainted."

Because he did not know what else to do, the Professor was rubbing Martha's lifeless hands in his in a helpless, pitiful fashion. He stopped suddenly and looked at Marion.

"The shock?" he said. "Was she not pleased?"

Marion, terrified into recklessness, said, "Oh, you are absurd! Pleased?—Martha pleased? Of course not! But do something for her. Do you think it has killed her? Didn't you know she adored you? She has always adored you."

Thus are the man's eyes opened, and thus it comes that in the end he is left to Martha, by the somewhat theatrical, yet fitting, death of the Pagan.

If Mr. Stanley Portal Hyatt is not a new author it is remarkable that we have not heard more of him. "*Marcus Hay*" is a capital example of its kind. It depends frankly on the material that has made many a boy's book popular—on a search for hidden treasure in Africa; but it is far above the average, both in writing and construction. Although, too, it has its sentimental moments, it is never mawkish, and that is something for which to be truly thankful. All who are not too blasé to enjoy a thrilling yarn, too sceptical to believe that there is still treasure to be found guarded by priests skilled in the ways of medicine-men, will read the story with increasing eagerness, follow its hero in his search for the mysterious Stone Sable that was guarded by the Spitting Death with the enthusiasm with which they followed the fairy princes of their childhood, the gentlemen adventurers of their boyhood, the Rider Haggard or the Stevenson characters of their manhood. "The sable means death always," say the natives, and very often are their words proved; but "dogged does it," and it is left to Hay—and the future readers of his doings—to find out the truth about it. It is to be hoped that Hay's roving spirit will lead him into fresh fields: if so may we be there—to read. He is such a born vagrant that there is every chance—

Danger, hardship, disappointments were all as nothing to him beside the fascination of the Unknown. The freedom, the utter absence of shams outweighed every other consideration. Men soon began to know him as one who would never turn back; and capitalists, more timid and more astute than himself, were ready to employ him to break down the way for them, especially as, like most pioneers, he thought too much of the interest of the work and too little of its business side to insist on a fair return for his toils. Somehow or other the Unseen World lost half its terrors if he were in the column.

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